



A JOURNAL OF PRACTICAL REFORM, DEVOTED TO THE ELEVATION OF HUMANITY IN THIS LIFE, AND A SEARCH FOR THE EVIDENCES OF LIFE BEYOND.

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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Sympathies there are
More tranquil, yet perhaps of kindred birth,
That steal upon the meditative mind,
And grow with thought.

Wordsworth.

Ah, still to the past must the present be
vassal!

Do that which is right. The respect of
mankind will follow.

Learn to despise outward things and to
give thyself to things inward.

Through all stations human life abounds
with mysteries.—Wordsworth.

It is he who is bound to succeed, in
spite of obstacles, that will succeed.

The sublimity of wisdom is to do those
things living which are desired to be done
when dying.

However things may seem, no evil
thing succeeds, and no good thing is a
failure.—Samuel Longfellow.

Be silent always when you doubt your
sense, and speak, though sure, with seem-
ing diffidence.—Pope.

"Blessed be the hand that prepares a
pleasure for a child, for there is no saying
when and where it may again bloom forth."

He gets the greatest satisfaction, often,
out of life, who does the largest amount of
attending to his own business.—Our Sun-
day Talks.

Hope never affords more joy than in af-
fliction. It is on a watery cloud that the
sun paints those beautiful colors in the
rainbow.—Gurnall.

To be noble and live nobly should be
the aim and ambition of all. In such lives
we behold the promise and prophecy of
a yet to be glorious humanity.—Our Sun-
day Talks.

The ways they are many and wide, and
seldom are two ways the same. Side by
side may we stand at the same little door
when all's done! The ways they are many,
the end it is one.—Owen Meredith.

Beware of judging character by single
deeds, and be even reticent in judging it
at all. Only a perfect sympathy, by which
we can see things from other's standpoint
and forget for the time our own, can en-
able us to do justice.

Let no man enter his thoughts or let
his hopes wander toward future and far
distant events and accidental contingen-
cies. This day is mine and yours, but ye
know not what shall be on the morrow.
For he that by a present and a constant
holiness secures the present and makes it
useful to his noblest purposes, he turns his
condition to his best advantage.—Jeremy
Taylor.

How hard is it to keep our footing firm
amid the ebb and flow of things! To-day
is not yesterday. The world is other than
it was, my own heart is not what it was.
New things have come to claim a part of
my attention: many cherished things have
gone. An unseen hand is shaking this
kaleidoscope of a world, and nothing can
last that depends merely upon the present
aspect of things. The great problem,
therefore, is to seek truth with a thirst
which will persist through all changes.

A Clergyman's Strange Reminiscences.

[The New York World.]

The following communications have
been received relative to a sketch of the life
of Charles Foster published in the *World*
a few days ago:

"Ten years ago, when I was pastor of
the Church of the Redeemer, on State
street, Albany, I was requested by the
Sunday-school Superintendent and one of
the trustees of that church to accompany
them to a sitting with Charles Foster, who
was at that time sojourning at the neigh-
boring city of Troy. We arrived at his recep-
tion parlors according to appointment,
which, in consequence of the public de-
mands upon his time, had to be made in
advance. Our minds were at that time
in very decided antagonism with the super-
mundane claims of modern Spiritualism,
and we mutually determined not to be
tricked. My companions were gentlemen
holding leading positions and rated in Al-
bany as shrewd and successful business
men. We made certain preconceived ar-
rangements, one of which was that we
would use our own paper to write on. We
were all strangers to Mr. Foster and he to
us, and on entering his presence we ex-
changed glances which were intended to
be expressionless and void as was possi-
ble.

"Having received permission to use our
own paper I took out of my waistcoat
pocket a number of pellets (ten in all)
rolled up to a uniform size and shape, and
put them on the table at which we sat.
This table was small, uncovered, and of
the form of a right-angled parallelogram,
supported by four legs, one at each corner,
at one of which Mr. Foster sat, looking ap-
parently as blank and, to my thought at
that time, as stupid as any face I ever saw.
Presently his countenance underwent a
complete alteration and his whole frame
visibly shivered, dispersing the stolid in-
sensitivity which up to this time of our in-
terview we were able to maintain. Neither
of my companions knew the name I had
written on one of the folded pellets which
rested in a little heap on the table.

"Mr. Foster then took the whole of the
pellets in one hand, and dropping them
one by one, he retained one between his
finger and thumb, after which he said:
'There is a name written on this, and a
spirit over six feet high stands by my side
and who says the name is his,' and Mr. F.,
looking at me continued, 'he is your
brother.' I asked, 'What is the name?'
Mr. F., then dropped the pellet, and draw-
ing up the sleeve of his coat and shirt, he
said, 'It is written there,' displaying his
naked arm with the name 'Trevor,' which
I had written at home on the paper pellet,
legibly written in distinct, blood-red marks
across the arm!

"One of my companions then took the
dropped pellet from the table, and opening
it saw and read the name 'Trevor' as I had
written it.

"Then followed details and incidents,
together with the date of the death and
burial of my brother Trevor, who departed
this life in Lismore, County Waterford,
Ireland, over thirty years before the facts
herein stated took place.

"Tests not so striking, but satisfactory
to each of my companions, were also given,
so that on our return journey to Albany
each of us felt that we had passed through
an experience which completely overthrew
our opinions and ideas concerning Charles
Foster and the theories which he repre-
sented.

"In the foregoing statement I have
omitted the physical manifestations, such as
answers to questions by raps on the table,
the floor and, in short, wherever they were
required by the medium in answering ques-
tions.

"All these manifestations are being su-
perseded by still higher and more won-
drous phenomena in manifestations which
for want of a better term are called ma-
terializations, of the truth of which I and
all the grown members of my family have
had unquestionable evidence, having sepa-
rately and together under very distinct
and extraordinary tests spoken face to face
and eye to eye with our beloved departed
ones, whom we now know to be in near
and living communion with us.

"This great and irrefragable fact is the
light and joy of our home and a continued
incentive to a life founded on righteous-
ness and truth. Yet it is by no means
the highest truth of the religion of Spiritu-

alism. Mere phenomenalism unaccom-
panied by a true and pure life is a deep
and dark curse that will bring nothing but
misery and degradation to those who cher-
ish it or try to use it for base, selfish and
ignoble purposes. There are to-day tens
of thousands of Spiritualists both inside
and outside of the churches who feel and
know this to be true, and who mourn over
the fact that the greatest obstacles to the
spread of Spiritualism are phenomenalists
whose lives are a continual violation of
social as well as divine laws.

CHARLES P. MCCARTHY."

Ingersoll on Lincoln.

[Norristown Herald.]

Under the singular caption of "Motley
and Monarch," Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll
contributes to the December North
American Review a genuine "prose
poem" on Abraham Lincoln, who is sum-
med up and photographed in a single para-
graph, thus:

"Strange mingling of mirth and tears,
of the tragic and grotesque, of cap and
crown, of Socrates and Rabelais, of Æsop
and Marcus Aurelius, of all that is gentle
and just, humorous and honest, merciful,
wise, laughable, lovable and divine, and
all consecrated to the use of man; while
through all, and over all, an overwhelm-
ing sense of obligation, of chivalrous loy-
alty to truth, and upon all the shadow of
the tragic end."

And here are some more of the dia-
monds gleaming incidentally in Colonel
Ingersoll's superb cluster:

Nearly all the great historic characters
are impossible monsters, disproportioned
by flattery, or by calumny deformed. We
know nothing of their peculiarities, or
nothing but their peculiarities.

Washington is now only a steel engrav-
ing. About the real man, who lived and
loved and hated and schemed, we know
but little.

Hundreds of people are now engaged
in smoothing out the lines of Lincoln's
face—forcing all features to the common
mold—so that he may be known, not as
he really was, but according to their poor
standard, as he should have been.

Lincoln never finished his education.
To the night of his death he was a pupil,
a learner, an inquirer, a seeker after
knowledge. You have no idea how many
men are spoiled by what is called educa-
tion. For the most part colleges are places
where pebbles are polished and diamonds
are dimmed. If Shakespeare had gradu-
ated at Oxford, he might have been a
quibbling attorney or a hypocritical par-
son.

Nothing discloses real character like the
use of power. It is easy for the weak to
be gentle. Most people can bear adver-
sity. But if you wish to know what a man
really is, give him power. He never
abused it, except upon the side of mercy.

He was patient as destiny, whose unde-
cipherable hieroglyphs were so deeply
graven on his sad, tragic face.

Lincoln was the grandest figure of the
fiercest civil war. He is the gentlest
memory of our world.

SPIRITUALITY.—Spiritualists who are
merely phenomena hunters, grasp at the
shadow like the mere churchman, while
they let the substance go. They travel in
the same boat with those whom they de-
ride for placing their dependence upon
the externals of religion, and are making
clean the outside of the platter, while
within are dead men's bones. They feed
on dry husks, in which there is no nour-
ishment; and will never experience the
true joy of those who are seeking self-
knowledge, and thus striving to root out
the hidden corruptions which destroy the
peace of the soul. Facts are necessary to
demonstrate the immortality of the soul,
but having become convinced, why waste
time in piling up testimony. Rather push
onward to the goal of perfection where
alone rest can be found. There is no ab-
solute purity here, but a calm can be
attained which will lift us above all the
ills of time, and is a foretaste of that heav-
enly bliss, promised to the enduring.
Then, when the trials are all over, and the
last act is finished, a myriad of angelic
voices will greet the freed spirit with the
glad cry of "well done good and faithful
servant, enter into the joys prepared for
you."—*M. S. S., in Light for Thinkers.*

SPIRITUALISM AND SCIENCE.

A Discourse Delivered at Metropolitan
Temple, Sunday, Jan. 2d, by Wm.
Emmette Coleman.

The 31st of March, 1848, marks an
important epoch in the world's history,
for upon that day dawned the recognition
of a new world of being; nay, of a new
universe of which, before, man had had
vague glimmerings and fitful gleams, but
of which demonstrative evidence of its
actuality had never before been systemati-
cally presented to man.

For nearly thirty-eight years the spiri-
tual phenomena have been engaging pub-
lic attention, and yet, after all, how little
really is known of their true character
and of the laws and principles governing
their action. Note the widespread and
radical differences of opinion entertained
thereupon by equally intelligent and hon-
est seekers after truth. This is the age of
science *par excellence*. What is called the
"scientific method" is being applied in
the investigation of all systems of thought,
all branches of human endeavor and
action. But as yet the "scientific
method" has been used but meagerly in
our examination of the myriad facts pre-
sented to the world under the guise of
Spiritualism; and there may be, perhaps,
good reasons for this slowness of action
on the part of the thinkers of the world
in handling this recondite subject of
Spiritualism. Undoubtedly there is much
in some of the current phases of Spiritu-
alism to repel the average man of science
and the honest, candid seeker after truth
in the realms of cultured philosophical
analysis and criticism. So I can scarcely
blame those who, repelled by the false
and repugnant features of some of the
phases of the Spiritualistic movement, as
at present conducted, ignore the whole,
and decline to undertake the task of un-
raveling the mystery in which the prob-
lem lies enshrouded.

On the other hand, it is significant that,
if I mistake not, no instance is known of
a person of scientific or philosophic at-
tainments who, after a careful and search-
ing examination of the alleged phenomena
of Spiritualism, did not avow his belief—
not to say knowledge—of the actuality of
the phenomena, in most cases the investi-
gators becoming converts to the "spiritu-
al" theory of their origin. In some
cases, like that of Mr. Crookes, no definite
statement is made as to their producing
causes; though some of Mr. Crookes'
latest utterances thereupon can scarcely
be explained, save upon the basis of his
belief in their spiritual origin; while in
some few other cases, like those of Capt.
R. F. Burton and H. G. Atkinson, their
non-spiritual origin is plainly affirmed.
It will be observed, though, that, in cases
of the latter description, those so affirm-
ing are usually materialistic or agnostic in
their habits of thought, are dogmatic
deniers of the existence of spirit, or of
the possibility of our having any knowl-
edge of it, if existent.

Incomplete and superficial examina-
tions of the spiritual phenomena have
been made by quite a number of men of
science since 1848, and with the most
ludicrous and bewildering results. Con-
sequent upon the very slender knowledge
really possessed by these sciolists and
smatterers in the all-comprehensive science
of Spiritualism, nearly every one of these
quasi-investigators has given the world a
different theory of the producing cause or
causes of the spiritual phenomena. If
we require of these scientific theorists
what Spiritualism is and how are the phe-
nomena produced, what a babel of dis-
cordant answers greets our ears. Just
listen to a few of these conflicting re-
sponses: Dr. Carpenter tells us Spiritu-
alism is the result of the ideo-motor prin-
ciple, combined with the influence of a
dominant idea or pre-possession. Prof.
Thury, of Geneva, says it is caused by
psychode or ectenic force; Prof. Balfour
Stewart tells us it is produced by electro-
biological power; Sir Wm. Hamilton says
it is the result of a latent thought; Prof.
Faraday posited involuntarily muscular
action as the cause of many of the phe-
nomena; Francis Gerry Fairfield called it
a nervous lesion, akin to epilepsy;

Charles Bray thought the phenomena due
to an omnipresent thought-atmosphere;
Prof. Bain considered them due to an
undiscovered force in nature; Prof. Zoll-
ner attributed them to the action of un-
seen beings inhabiting quadrudimensional
space; Dr. Zerffi regards them as caused
by the action of the organ of dreams,
intensified by animal magnetism; Prof.
Gairdner, of Aberdeen, thinks a diseased
action of the faculty of wonder explains
the mystery; Prof. John Fiske, of Har-
vard, says Spiritualism is totemism; Dr.
Hammond says the spiritual phenomena
are due to nervous derangements; Dr.
Marvin says they are due to a species of
lunacy called by him mediomania; Prof.
Mahan and Dr. Rogers attributed the
phenomena to odic force, odyle, or od
force; Thomas Carlyle called Spiritualism
the liturgy of Dead Sea apes; Joseph
Cookes names it a rat-hole revelation;
while Prof. Tyndall is kind enough to
designate it as intellectual whoredom;
Prof. Grimes calls it mesmerism, and
Charles Sotherton attempted to explain it
by Rosicrucian. Our occultic and
theosophic friends inform us that the phe-
nomena are produced by elementals, who
are non-human spirits of the elements of
earth, air, fire, and water, and by ele-
mentaries who are the shells or remnants
of former inhabitants of earth who have
lost their immortal souls, or else have
never developed the soul-principle.

I never discovered that I myself be-
longed to the latter category,—that is,
that I had never developed a soul till I
was so informed, a few months since, in a
public lecture by a prominent teacher of
theosophy in this city. In addition to the
foregoing theories, many others are pro-
mulgated explanatory of the marvelous
mysteries of Spiritualism: Mind-reading,
say some; electricity we often hear given
as an explanation; clairvoyance, somnam-
bulism, psychometry, hysteria, catalepsy,
hallucinations, a revival of witchcraft,
black magic, white magic, the hermetic
mystery, electrical psychology, insanity, a
degrading superstition,—all these have
been laid to the charge of Spiritualism.
Many of our good Christian friends say it
is the Devil; others, the work of evil
spirits.

This confused jumble of attempted so-
lutions of the great Nineteenth century
puzzle, evidences in what a chaotic con-
dition is the thought of the age, both
scientific and unscientific, upon this sub-
ject. The audience will pardon me if I
add one more to the many definitions and
explanations of Spiritualism. For twenty-
seven years I have patiently and carefully
studied the various phases of this many-
sided subject, and in my opinion Spiritu-
alism includes, among many other things,
the following: First, it embraces the
harmonical philosophy, that divine philoso-
phy whose far-extending sweep embraces
the totality of being, reaching from the
highest heaven, the great Central Sun of
the spiritual universe, down to the most
infinitesimal atom vibrating in rhythmic
harmony in ethereal or interstellar spaces,
—a philosophy inclusive of God and man,
of heaven and earth, of angel and mortal,
of lowly, boorish peasant and choiring en-
wrap scraph.

Next, it includes the spiritual phenom-
ena. Philosophy and phenomena are
ever interblended, neither being possible
without the other. Like spirit and mat-
ter, like soul and body, each forms an
integral part of the other, as it were.
The spiritual phenomena, how wondrous
have been their might, majesty and power
during the last thirty-eight years! Pen-
etrating into the nethermost parts of the
earth, extending "from Greenland's icy
mountains to India's coral strand," has
the tiny rap and its attendant phenomena
of trance and inspiration, of clairvoyance
and clair-audience, of psychography and
materialization, taken captive by the thou-
sand and the sons and daughters of earth.
Good and bad, rich and poor, learned
and illiterate, scientist and artisan, philo-
sopher and peasant, men, women and
children, too, of every clime, of every
station in life, of every nationality and
hue—all have acknowledged their truth,
their beauty, their excellence.

Spiritualism also emphasizes true re-
ligion. Religion consists not in outward
observances and ceremonials, but is en-
shrined within the inner heart and life.
Religion is a matter of ethics, of morals,
rather than of creed. True religion, the
religion of Spiritualism, consists in good
deeds, pure thoughts, righteous words,—

in the practice of beneficence and charity; in the regulation of the life-walk in accordance with the imperative injunctions of the highest and purest morality; in doing good and being good. This simple phrase "Be good and do good," five little monosyllables, sums up the entirety of true religion; and such is the religion of Spiritualism! True science and philosophy are also comprehended in Spiritualism. Spiritualism, in its widest and best sense, comprises within its amplitudinous folds all of religion, of science, and of philosophy. The three it unites into one; indeed, these three constitute the immortal trinity of Deific truth. They are the three sides of the Universal Prism, three forms of manifestation of the one great primal, original substance of things. Spiritualism has, through its seers and mediums, in many cases anticipated and foreshadowed the discoveries of scientists and philosophers; it welcomes every new truth brought to light, and urges man on in his probings and searchings into the great mysteries of nature.

It tells us that, in the spirit-world, each one of us, every man, woman and child, through a course of eternal progress, will become a scientist, a philosopher; that each one will learn to comprehend all the laws of nature, both in material and in spiritual realms; that all shall be, in time, "as gods, knowing good and evil." Spiritualism also shows us a spiritual side to all the facts of science and philosophy, that the material facts and laws are based upon certain inherent and eternal spiritual facts and laws, dimly and vaguely understood by man in his first estate on earth; and that there is a spiritual science and philosophy as well as a material.

Spiritualism, in addition, recognizes the grandeur of our own Divine Humanity. Not to a vague, shadowy Deity, far removed from earth in some remote heaven, does Spiritualism point, but to the God of Nature, whose highest expression and unfoldment is in Humanity, here in our midst. In every leaf and bud, in every stream and cascade, in every hill and vale is our God expressed; but most of all in humanity, the highest outcome of Deific Manifestation. God in man we behold on every side, children of God are we all—all bear the impress of the Divine Signet. A germ of Deity is centered in the soul of each one, constituting him or her heir to the glorious heritage of immortal life. Recognizing this soul-uplifting truth, knowing the inherent divinity vitalizing every human spirit, Spiritualism, especially, inculcates the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.

Fraternity, brotherly love, constitutes the link uniting all mankind as one, binding the whole human race into one vast family. Everything savoring of oppression, cruelty, despotism, inhumanity, intolerance, slavery, and all kindred crimes and vices, are loathsome, despicable, in the light of Spiritualism. "Let no man call God his father who calls not man his brother," it promulgates far and wide; and this the keystone of its ethics, the pivotal center of its religion; humanitarianism, brotherly love, beneficence, philanthropy, loving-kindness, in opposition to all caste, aristocracy, exclusiveness, proscription—these its mission to establish in the hearts and minds of men and women. Spiritualism is also a potent instrument of reform. This world is imperfect in all directions. On every side gigantic evils confront us, crying loudly for reform, for mitigation, for improvement. Heavy burdens rest upon the people; the rights of man and of woman, ay, and of children also, are denied and trampled under foot; and to the amelioration of the wrongs and evils, to the securing of better systems of legislation, and of governmental, educational, sociological and society regulations, does the Spiritual philosophy point. Spirits come from their paradisaic homes, not merely to comfort and cheer with proofs of the continued existence of the loved ones gone before, but they come also to help to make the world better, to relieve the ills and afflictions of this imperfect and still crudely-organized world; in a word they come as moral reformers. Spiritualism is also committed to the rational education of the young.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum is an educational and reformatory movement second to none in importance. Born from the Summer-Land, with A. J. Davis as its inspired *accoucheur*, the lyceum is destined in time to supersede all other methods of instruction. Perhaps all of you may not be aware that the lyceum system is copied, to a large extent, from that in vogue in the Summer-Land. Mr. Davis had many visions of the system of instruction and education of children in the spirit-world, and he was impressed to adopt that system, so far as possible, to the education and tuition of our children here on earth. The system of groups and leaders, banners, targets, marches, calisthenic exercises, songs, recitations, etc., is patterned after those exercises in the grand lyceums in the beautiful spirit-land above; so that in our lyceums we are having, indeed, a little heaven here below. Spiritualism is, moreover, pledged to the furtherance and exemplification of freedom and liberty. Freedom! Liberty! How pregnant these words with man's sweetest, most momentous privileges and immunities! How indissolubly conjunct with humanity's dearest, most sacred, and essential rights. Freedom of thought, freedom of expression, freedom of action, (without infringement of other's liberty), is inscribed upon Spiritualism's uplifted banner, and inspired by the potent significance of this energizing motto, this impressive watchword,

onward the spiritual army presses, infusing light, life, liberty to all encountering its panoplied array of stout-hearted, earnest souls—affranchising mankind from the tyrannous thralldom of the ages, as manifest in obsequies, cringing subservience to church and priest, to book and creed, to king and custom. Be free, says Spiritualism, be free! and strive to make all others similarly free.

Spiritualism asserts the all-potency of reason. "Reason is the flower of the spirit," says an inspired seer. Reason, rational thought, clear, unbiased, matured judgment and discrimination are asserting themselves in this our time and day with a potency never before witnessed. All things must be submitted to the test of reason, must pass through the crucible of logical demonstration, ere they can hope to find acceptance in the hearts and brains of thinkers of this age. Were not the principle of reason permeative of Spiritualism, it would certainly be short-lived; but, even concerning its own claims on our attention as truth, it counsels all to reject them if not found in accord with reason and nature. Spiritualism has enthroned pure reason as the sovereign arbiter upon all points and questions, all theories and hypotheses, including its own most deeply-cherished principles.

The cultivation of the intellect, the expansion of the mind, increase and progress in knowledge and wisdom, is a duty imposed upon us by mother nature. Why are we given the capacity for intellectual strength and vigor, unless to utilize that capacity. Being capable of improvement in mental culture and mind development, nature demands at our hands that we "improve each shining hour," by gathering wisdom and useful knowledge from all available sources. As Spiritualism teaches us that in the various spheres above, through which every soul will successively pass, every mental power and gift will be cultivated, expanded, rounded out, it behooves us to develop to the fullest possible extent the human intellect,—a spark from the Deific Intellect, a scintillation from the auroral effulgence incircling and embodying the great central mind of the universe, the spiritual sensorium, whose beneficent and inspiring beams interpenetrate all nature, material and spiritual.

Spiritualism, likewise, urges all to give due heed to the promptings of the human conscience. *Pari passu* with the growth of intellect is the growth of conscience. As the intellect, perceiving the relations of things, decides what is right and what is wrong, so conscience ever urges the individual to follow that decided to be right and to eschew that which is wrong. A developed intellect coupled with an enfeebled conscience produces a moral deformity to be compassionated; while a quickened conscience joined to a meager intellect to guide it aught often leads to extremisms, fanaticisms, and folly. The harmonious development of the two constitutes, in human nature, the "one thing needful."

Spiritualism, in its truest teachings, demands that we at all times exemplify in our lives the beautiful principle of justice. "Of all the virtue, justice is the best." We hear much of justice in this world, but really how little true justice have we among us. Revenge, retaliation, the *lex talionis*, eye for an eye, tooth for tooth—such is the nature of most of the so-called justice dealt out on every hand. Such is not the justice of the spirit-world. No feeling of spite, anger, or any analogous trait, mingle with its justice; but always does it feel cordial sympathy and deepest love for those falling under the law of exact, impartial justice. No selfish greed, no partizan, personal considerations, mar the beauty of its ethical code. And such the justice the spirit-world would have us embody here on earth in all our relations to and with each other.

Commingle with our justice, however, should always be exhibited true charity. Justice is the best of all the virtues, but charity the sublimest. True justice always includes charity; else is not that justice but a baser sentiment. If true justice be rare on earth true charity is rarer still. Few there be who have a full comprehension of all that the word charity implies. To me the grandest chapter in the Bible is that of Paul on charity. How many of us have ever studied the Apostle's glowing, comprehensive description of charity, and tried to actualize it in our daily lives? Yet such is the charity of the spirit-world, such the charity to which we must attain before we can ever hope to enjoy the blissful associations of the higher circles of the spirit-world.

The final principle regnant in Spiritualism of which I shall speak is that of eternal progression, the sublimest, most comforting principle in the universe! The keystone of the arch of the temple of spiritual philosophy, the basic foundation principle upon which the whole superstructure is reared. The glorious future opened to an enraptured vision, through contemplation of this grand and awe-inspiring truth, fairly dazzles the sight and leads the imagination captive. Sphere after sphere rises before us in all their god-like beauty and glory. "Heirs of God and joint-heirs" with all humanity in all worlds and universes, "to an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away" forever, how thankful should we be to the omnipotent power, engirdling all universes, filling all space, and resident in all time, for blessing us with the prerogative of existence, conscious, progressive existence,—in this beautiful and indescribably glorious Univerccelum of which we form a part, and over which in time we shall reign as kings and gods.

Leaving this definition of Spiritualism for your consideration in contrast to the various disjointed and incomplete solutions previously outlined, let us confine our attention for the rest of the evening to the spiritual phenomena proper and their scientific discrimination.

The existence of certain peculiar phenomena is conceded almost universally. The questions, then, to be considered are, How are the phenomena produced, and what do they establish or tend to establish concerning the spiritual status of man in this life, and in the so-called spirit-world? To determine these questions requires very careful scientific investigation and analysis. The great mistake made alike by nearly all Spiritualists and by most skeptics is that of lumping all the different phases of psychical phenomena into one class, and assigning them all to one producing power. A large majority of the Spiritualists assert and believe that all, or nearly all, such phenomena are the direct work of disembodied human spirits; and the great body of skeptics deem them all produced by purely material causes, non-spiritual potencies. The truly scientific Spiritualist, rigidly scrutinizing each class of phenomena, relegates those of each kind to their appropriate causes.

Spiritual and psychical phenomena naturally range themselves under three classes: (1) those due to fraud and imposition (just now quite a large portion); (2) those due to the action of peculiar powers and forces resident in the human organism, indicative of its possession of a supra-material nature, of faculties transcending those of the ordinary physical man, senses superior to those of ordinary sight, hearing, etc., as manifest in the phenomena of mesmerism, somnambulism, clairvoyance, clairaudience, psychometry, mind-reading, automatic writing, double consciousness, answering sealed letters, the trance (in general), the "double" or apparitions of the living, unconscious cerebration, and similar abnormal mental states,—also, in my judgment, in many (not all) cases of physical manifestation, as in rapping, table-tipping, planchette-writing, slate-writing, movements of ponderable bodies, and even so-called materializations of parts or the whole of the human body, all more or less accompanied by intelligence, an intelligence seeming to be an emanation from the minds of the medium and of those present during the occurrence of the phenomena, and usually vague, unreliable, shadowy, misty, conflicting in its expressions and modes of operation; and (3) those due to the direct action of unfleshed intelligences, mostly similar in character to those of the second class, though differing in degree. The phenomena of the second class occur in the presence of, or through the agency of, persons who may be called sensitives, or psychics; those in the third class, through mediums strictly so termed. A sensitive or psychic may be called an undeveloped or semi-developed medium, subject to the influences of the minds of those with whom he comes in contact, or of his own mind, thus preventing his successful control by a foreign spirit for the impartation of truth to mankind or other good purpose. A medium is one in whom the influences of his own mentality may be placed in more or less subjection to those of a foreign intelligence, those also of surrounding minds being kept in abeyance. These and these only are true mediums; and such are not as numerous as many suppose. It is true that sensitives abound, through whom phenomena occur of a mixed character,—partly spiritual in origin, but much of them of the earth, earthy.

Of this character are many of the trancespeakers and so-called test-mediums from whom continually flow streams of nonsense purporting to come from the good and great of earth's famed dead, to the disgust of all sensible people, Spiritualists or otherwise. Most of these sensitives are honestly deceived; they fail to realize the nature of their peculiar mental states, or the source of the extraordinary power at times exhibited through them. Sometimes, also, we receive through this class of "mediums," genuine evidences of direct spirit action; for psychics are susceptible to the influences of "spirits" out of the body as well as of those still "in the body." Genuine, unmixed spiritual manifestations are rare in comparison with those merely psychic, those due to the action of what Sergeant Cox and Mr. Crookes call psychic force. Psychic force satisfactorily accounts for many of the so-called spiritual phenomena, and for years I have been convinced that it is really the producing cause thereof; but there is a residuum of facts indicative of a higher force, a higher power being at work, using psychic force as its instrument of communication and action. Sergeant Cox, it is known, at first attributed the whole of the phenomena to psychic force *per se*; but, after a more searching investigation into the facts and phenomena, he modified his opinion, and a short time before his death expressed the conviction that a part of the higher phenomena were undoubtedly due to the influence of spiritual beings once resident on earth; and to this conclusion, in my judgment, every honest, patient, unprejudiced, and thorough investigator of the phenomena must arrive.

An able American critic has said that Spiritualism "has had its root and sustenance largely in man's emotional nature, much more largely in this than in any cool, deliberative, investigating activity of reason;" that "we do not find very often among Spiritualists those who seem thoroughly competent to investigate, in a purely scientific spirit, the foundations of

their faith;" that "credulity has certainly been a marked characteristic of Spiritualists as a body;" and that "so prevalent have fraud and delusion become in connection with spiritualistic phenomena that the greatest difficulty, at the outset of any investigation, is to get at the exact facts."

There is much truth in these assertions, but the facts warranting them are due largely to the character of the people to whom the phenomena present themselves, and in whose mind they have to be intelligently digested. What a small portion of the inhabitants of even the most enlightened nations of the earth are trained to anything like a scientific scrutiny of phenomenal occurrences! Owing to the unscientific, unphilosophic, emotional, and sympathetic natures of the bulk of our people, it is inevitable, in the present status of the earth, that misconstructions, erroneous conclusions, false logic, shallow reasoning, etc., should be largely the outcome of the present imperfect mode of communication between the material and spiritual universes. Spiritualism has always been crucified in the house of its friends; it has been almost overwhelmed in the circling flood of credulity, superstition, folly, and fanaticism; and at present, in addition to all these, it is nearly engulfed in the whirling maelstrom of fraud and knavery. No matter how much Spiritualists of a certain class may try to cover up these glaring defects and deny their actualities, bolster up fraud and folly by impugning the veracity and honesty of those anxious to purge Spiritualism of its present load of villainy and absurdity, the fact of their existence remains a self-evident truth, patent to every candid, unprejudiced mind.

The conclusions and the line of conduct of this class of believers do not, however, constitute the entirety of Spiritualism; if it did, the sooner the whole movement was overthrown, root and branch, the better for mankind. Besides these, there are some, let us be thankful, who have not bowed the knee to the Baal of unreason and stultiloquy, who endeavor to exercise careful discrimination in judging of all purported "spiritual manifestations," and who desire to apply the "scientific method" in this as in all other departments of human inquiry and research. Applying this test we find much in Spiritualism that will not bear the searching light of critical investigation, and so must be cast aside as undemonstrative of the basic fact of spirit communion. What in Spiritualism will not endure the test of the most rigid scrutiny and analytical examination must fall; and the sooner it falls, the better. But, after eliminating all explainable on other grounds, there still remains "a winnowed residuum" of facts, giving, in my judgment, conclusive evidence of the impact of the spiritual world upon the material.

The peculiar life-experience of Andrew Jackson Davis furnishes very substantial grounds for positing the existence of the spirit-world and its influence in the affairs of earth, and has never been explained upon a purely materialistic basis. Theodore Parker said, in substance, that the mode of production of Mr. Davis' works was the great miracle of the Nineteenth century.

The manifestation of parts of the human body, and in some cases of the entire body, in seemingly material form,—said forms talking, walking, laughing, singing, etc., not belonging to any persons resident on earth, and claiming themselves to be inhabitants of the spirit-world, appearing and disappearing instantaneously, materialization and dematerialization as it is called,—furnishes "proof palpable" of the existence of unseen intelligences in nature, with such command over material forces and atoms as to manufacture temporary bodies for themselves, capable of dissolution at pleasure. The possibility of such occurrences I know from my own individual experience. Probably nine-tenths, or it may be ninety-nine hundredths, of all so-called materializations are fraudulent, full proofs of which in various cases I have had also from my own experience,—just as I know there are cases, "few and far between" it may be, where genuine "materialization" occurs.

Right here let me say that I have never seen anything like a genuine materialization in San Francisco. I am convinced that certainly almost all, if not quite all, of the materializations here the past ten years have been an unmitigated fraud, and it is pretty much so all over the country.

Then there are cases of writing being produced on double slates sealed together, without even the contact of the medium, being held by other parties several feet distant from him; said writing purporting to come from relatives or friends of the investigators, and sometimes written in the handwriting of the party whose name is attached to it. I have witnessed in San Francisco the production of writing on slates twenty-five or thirty times, both with and without pencil, written certainly by no material hand, such being an absolute impossibility, all jugglery or fraud being out of the question; and, moreover, names of various relatives of mine were thus written, with their relationship correctly indicated, and circumstances connected with themselves and myself mentioned in strict accordance with the facts. Mental questions were also answered by the slate-writing, appropriately addressed to the relatives purporting to be communicating. Here was manifest an unseen power capable of writing on a slate in situations where no material hand could possibly use the pencil, coupled with an intelligence cognizant of facts in my life

and that of my relatives, their names, etc. These facts, names, etc., are entirely unknown to the San Franciscans, as I purposely never refer to them, so that no clew may be obtained by any of the mediums here or elsewhere by which their communications may be shaped. I think that some cases of slate-writing may be accounted for as being the production of psychic force; but in others, where marks of identity appear, as in fac-simile chirography, names and facts not present in the mind of the scribe, etc., the more reasonable conclusion is that back of the psychic force is an unseen individuality, a resident of the spiritual sphere, wielding the weird potencies of the psychic force as instruments of communication with the material world.

Next we have a number of instances of mediums having spoken and written in languages unknown to themselves. While I have no doubt psychic force and unconscious cerebration may do much, yet I can not conceive how they can enable one to speak and write correctly in an unknown language. Direct spiritual action should, I think, be predicated of such phenomena.

In 1859 was published a book entitled, "Twelve Messages from the Spirit of John Quincy Adams, to his friend Josiah Brigham, through Joseph D. Stiles, Medium." This book is unique in spiritual literature, and embodies, to my mind, conclusive proofs of the identity of the intelligence producing it, the internal and external evidences both being weighty in that regard.

External: The book was written in Quincy, Mass., Mr. Adams' former residence, in the house of an old friend of Mr. Adams, Mr. Brigham, through the hand of a mechanic (whose penmanship differed much from that of Mr. Adams), and in the handwriting of Mr. Adams in his latter days, feeble and tremulous, manuscript covering over four hundred octavo printed pages was written, all in the peculiar handwriting of John Quincy Adams previous to his so-called death. One of the twelve messages was devoted to George Washington, to which, at the close of the work, Washington writes several pages of reply, and in the earthly handwriting of George Washington. Mr. Adams pays a warm tribute to his mother's virtues and excellency of character in the course of his "Messages;" and Mrs. Abigail Adams (his mother) also submits a few pages in rejoinder, this being written in her earthly handwriting. At the termination of the volume, a few lines indorsing the general truth of the contents of Mr. Adams' "Messages," is signed by over five hundred and forty different spirits, each signature being in his or her own peculiar earthly handwriting. Some of these attestants are persons of extended reputation; while others are those who filled the private walks of life, including evidently many relatives of the Adams and Brigham families, and, I think, many former residents of Quincy. The medium affirmed that he felt a new influence while his hand was controlled to write each signature. A comparison made by me of the signatures of the public characters, as given in this book, with their signatures as found in literature and public documents, shows that in no case is the spirit signature an exact *fac-simile* of the *ante-mortem* signature, but bears a strong resemblance thereto, just what under the circumstances would naturally be the case, supposing the medium to have been really influenced by the persons whose names were being written by him; the same peculiarities of style, etc., being indicated with some variation.

The internal evidence consists of the nature of the contents of the volume. The ideas correspond with those J. Q. Adams would be likely to convey, expressed as they were under difficulties and through another and inferior mentality. It is a universal law of mediumship that all language or ideas coming from a spirit have to be projected through the mind of the medium, and will be colored or distorted more or less by the action of that mind. Hence, necessarily, this book is not fully equal to what Mr. Adams would produce at first hand. The wonder is, rather, that he should have succeeded so well; for the language is uniformly good, devoid of obscurity or rhapsody, vagueness or idealism, such as are found in so much of the so-called spiritual literature. The work is plain and practical, full of sturdy common-sense; albeit, it has too much of the devotional element in it to be palatable in all respects to the more radical thinkers of the Spiritual and Free Religious schools; but such, we know, was a marked characteristic of Mr. Adams' long and useful earth-life. Very striking exemplifications are given also of nearly all of Mr. Adams' other distinctive traits of character in addition to that of religious devotion. His indomitable firmness, his large conscientiousness, his broad philanthropy, his reverence for the good and true, his detestation of slavery, his love of approbation for his own good qualities, his well-developed self-reliance and self-esteem, his filial devotion to his mother; his life-long reverence for the Bible, still clinging to him despite the conviction of his erroneous conception of the book, arrived at through his experience in the spirit-clime; his great veneration for Jesus and his life-work, his great love for his venerated Quincy pastor (to whom he devotes one entire "message"); his emotional, sympathetic, yet practical matter-of-fact turn of mind, contradistinction to the more philosophic and abstract tendencies of his father,—all these, and many other characteristics familiar to those

acquainted with Mr. Adams' mental organization and habits of thought, are reflected in the contents of this work. The soul of John Quincy Adams permeates the entire production,—of course not in the full radiance of the enfranchised and glorified spirit, owing to the imperfection of the channel of expression, but the spirit author has no cause to be ashamed of the sentiments, ideas, and even language therein given to the world in his name.

Another and still more remarkable work, as regards its contents, has taken its place in spiritual literature, in which, so far as internal evidence is concerned, greater proof is offered of a supra-mundane or supra-material origin than is contained in Mr. Adams' work. I refer to the "Principles of Nature," written inspirationally by Mrs. Maria M. King, the first volume of which was published in 1866, the two remaining volumes being published a few years ago. These volumes purport to be a revelation of the laws governing the evolution and substantial being of the material and spiritual universe, from atoms to the Divine Mind, given inspirationally from a wise inhabitant of the spirit-country, the knowledge therein contained being derived from a careful study and observation, in the light of the higher life, under the tuition of still more advanced minds in the spirit-realm of the principles regnant in universal nature, as manifest in their concomitant phenomena; and I have no hesitation in saying that the subject-matter is worthy of its asserted source. It evinces the author to be a profoundly scientific and philosophic mind, seemingly as thoroughly conversant with the mystic arcana of nature, underlying the processes of development of matter, spirit, and mind, as we are with our A B C's,—a mind fully acquainted with the sciences of earth in their varied ramifications, but in addition thereto with laws and principles of nature of which science as yet has little or no conception. Every page of this work, almost, teems with new ideas expostive of as yet unknown laws, new principles in evolutionary unfolding, which, when understood, throw floods of light upon many of the problems now engaging the attention of the great masters in science and philosophy.

It is often asserted that spiritual revelation has never given any new scientific truth to the world; but this book disproves the assertion. The first volume, published in 1866, contains statements of laws and facts in nature unknown to the scientific world at the time of its publication, but which have since been discovered to be true, either certainly or probably, by recent scientific research. Spiritual revelation has, in this instance, outstripped or forestalled scientific research in various particulars, one example of which I will mention in illustration. When Mrs. King's first volume was published, it was held by many astronomers that the corona or ring of light surrounding the moon during total eclipses of the sun, was not a solar appendage, but was either a lunar or terrestrial phenomenon. A few astronomers, however, thought that it was the true atmosphere of the sun. The idea that it was due to matter surrounding the sun, but entirely distinct from its atmosphere, was, if I mistake not, unknown to the scientific world. It was not till the eclipse of 1869,—over three years after the publication of Mrs. King's volume, and five years after it was written in manuscript,—that evidence was obtained that negated the idea that the corona had its origin in the earth's atmosphere, and that held by other scientists, that it was simply a lunar phenomenon. Evidence was at that time obtained, indicating the coronal phenomenon to originate in the solar envelope, that the corona was no part of the sun's atmosphere, but was due to cosmic matter surrounding the sun outside its atmosphere proper. Even then, its solar origin was strongly opposed by eminent astronomers, including Mr. Lockyer; and not till confirmatory evidence of its solar nature was received during the eclipses of 1870 and 1871, did the astronomical world accept the truth of the solar hypothesis. At that time, however, though the corona had been demonstrated to be a solar appendage, no one supposed the zodiacal light to have any connection with the corona; but a few years later some astronomers began to put forward the hypothesis that possibly the zodiacal light was an extension of the corona. This, however, did not receive any very general acceptance till after the eclipse of 1879, at which time evidence of its truth was received. So that at present, though it can hardly be said to have gained universal acceptance, the fact of the zodiacal light being an extension of the corona is generally held by astronomers.

Turning to pages 252, 253, of the first volume of Mrs. King's work, we find an explanation of the corona and zodiacal light, from which it appears that the former is a solar envelope outside the sun's atmosphere, and the latter its extension or continuation into rarer strata of nebulous matter. Mrs. King's invisible teacher made known the true nature of the corona, in opposition to scientific speculation, three to five years before it was arrived at scientifically, and that of the zodiacal light nearly fifteen years prior to its scientific deduction. Again, in a few sentences, this first volume indicates the true nature of the composition of the Milky Way, and our sun's relation thereto; while recent discoveries concerning the constitution of the bodies composing our galaxy bring to light facts just such as must exist if the statements of Mrs. King thereupon

are correct. So, in various cases, instances might be cited of discoveries of the past twenty years, confirmatory of the truth of the principles and laws of nature's action laid down in this volume; while nothing has been discovered positively disproving any of its statements, though a wide discrepancy exists between some of its statements and the prevalent views of scientists generally.

This remarkable work never emanated from Mrs. King's own unassisted mind. It treats learnedly of many things of which, prior to the receipt of information thereupon from her teacher and guide, she was destitute of knowledge. Her knowledge of scientific data was but meagre, while that of her work is encyclopedic. To my knowledge, she of herself was incapable of writing such a work. Consequent upon an acquaintance with her for a term of years, I knew her capacity, intellectually and scientifically. She was an unassuming, honest, conscientious woman, retiring and domestic in her inclinations, who, being taken hold of by a power and a mentality far superior to her own, was led into broader fields of thought and wisdom than, probably, had ever before vouchsafed to an inhabitant of earth.

If there be no impinging of the spiritual upon the material, let me ask: (1) whence the source of the clairvoyant knowledge expressed in A. J. Davis' writings, what the secret of his mysterious psychological experiences, and what the source of his spiritual experiences, visions of supernal intelligences, conversations with spirits, etc.? (2) whence derived the forms or parts of forms manifesting human intelligence, and belonging to no person resident in a material body on earth, at times appearing and disappearing at will, under circumstances probative of their non-mundane origin? (3) whence comes the writing, without physical contact, on clean, sealed slates, including at times *fac-similes* of the earthly penmanship of persons formerly dwelling on earth? (4) whence the power by which persons are enabled to speak and write in languages unknown to them? (5) whence the power by which a carpenter writes a large volume in the handwriting of John Quincy Adams, with Mr. Adams' marked mental characteristics permeating the entire work? (6) whence the power by which this carpenter wrote several pages in the handwriting of George Washington? (7) whence the power by which he wrote several pages in Abigail Adams' handwriting? (8) whence the power enabling him to write the distinctive signatures of over five hundred persons, very few of which he had ever seen? (9) whence the power of Mrs. King to write intelligently upon scientific subjects of which she has no knowledge? (10) whence her power to treat profoundly and comprehensively of nature's forces in the myriad fields of being, producing a work which it is doubtful if any mind of earth, unassisted by higher powers, could give birth to? (11) whence her power to express scientific truths unknown to the *savants* of earth, often in opposition to the views of the combined scientific world, but afterwards discovered to be true?

These facts indicate that matter, as we understand it, does not comprise the all of existence—that above the sensuous forces and qualities of matter there rise into view higher realms of substance, in which more etherealized and sublimated potencies have sway, said existences and said potencies not being far removed into some distant region of space, but to some extent interblended and commingled with the so-called material realm of earth. Even now the spiritual phenomena "throw important light on the questions of the human soul's entity as distinct from its physical organism and of personal continuance after death." Scientifically analyzed, there is already enough in the confused jumble of fraud, psychic phenomena, and direct spirit revelation to furnish conclusive proof of the existence of the individual soul after physical death, and its continued progress in wisdom and virtue as the endless ages roll. This much is certain, despite the absurdities and follies, the immoralities and superstitions, incident to the undeveloped condition of our planet, with which Spiritualism has been loaded since its birth thirty-eight years ago. It requires the most careful sifting to arrive at the bottom facts; it needs the wisest discrimination to separate, it may be, the few grains of soul-nourishing truth from the mountains of chaff in which they lie hidden. But, as time advances and the world progresses, as the scientific method of comparison and investigation becomes more and more dominant, so will the ultimate truths in Spiritualism be conserved, the remainder being swallowed up in the maelstrom of mental oblivion engulfing analogous errors of former systems of thought, theologic and scientific.

THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.—Ten thousand human beings set forth together on their journey. After ten years one-third have disappeared. At the middle point of the common measure of life, but half are still upon the road. Faster and faster, as the ranks grow thinner, they that remain till now become weary, lie down and rise no more. At threescore-and-ten a band of some four hundred still struggle on. At ninety, these have been reduced to a handful of thirty trembling patriarchs. Year after year they fall in diminishing numbers. One lingers, perhaps a lonely marvel, till the century is over. We look again, and the work of death is finished.

Some people only understand enough of a truth to reject it.—Geo. MacDonald.

Startling Tests.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Several years ago we had with us a very remarkable medium by the name of E. J. Northcutt, who now lives somewhere in the Spokane country, W. T. His mediumship was principally clairaudient and clairvoyant, and was a first rate test medium. I have known him to describe spirits, giving their names, etc., to some thirty persons at one time, not omitting a single person in the room, all having some test of the presence of their spirit friends.

I will relate one remarkable case of his mediumship at the time I had an office in Reed's Opera House building in Salem, on the second floor. Mr. Northcutt was a frequent visitor. One day toward evening he was in my office describing spirits to a Mr. G. W. Rhodes, describing some five or six of Mr. R.'s relatives, giving their names and ages, when some one knocked at the door. I said, "Come in," when there entered a man by the name of Hart (an entire stranger to us all), and inquired if this was Col. Reed's office. On being informed that it was, he said he came for his discharge papers which he had sent me several years before from Eastern Oregon, for the purpose of getting his extra bounty. On his giving his name I went to where I kept returned discharges and took the package under the letter H, went to my desk and was selecting his discharge. Having found it I was reading the description (always in the discharge) to see if he was the man. Finding it correct I was about to hand it to him when Mr. Northcutt came to me and said that the man's wife had come in with him and wanted to talk to him. At first I remonstrated, as the man was a stranger to us all, but Mr. N. said the spirit seemed anxious to have me inform him that she was present. I then handed him his discharge, saying as I did so, "You are a widower, are you not, sir?" "Yes," he replied; "but why do you ask that question?" I said, "Your wife came in with you and wants to talk with you." "Come in with me!" he replied; "how could she do that when she has been dead over fifteen years?" I then told him that it was her spirit that was here, and that she would explain her coming. "Oh!" said he, "you are Spiritualists, are you?" "Yes," I said, "we are that." "Then let me tell you," said he, "what I think of it, for I believe it to be one of the—humbugs in the world. There is not a word of truth in it. If there is, let this man describe my wife. I do not know him, nor do I think he knows me." "No, I never saw you before," said Mr. N., "but I can describe the woman here who says she was once your wife." "Go on and do so," replied the soldier. "Well, sir," replied Mr. N., "she is a woman little above the medium height, rather slim like, dark complexion, dark eyes, and almost black hair, and inclined to curl—is combed down on the sides of her face in wave-like form. She says her name is Mary, and that you know that it is she." "I shall have to own up," said the soldier; "that is her description, and her name was Mary. And since you have described her so well, go on and tell me all you know about me. I never committed any murder; I am not afraid." "That is what she wants me to do," said Mr. Northcutt, "and I will repeat it as she tells it to me. She says that she was not your wife at the time of her death." "That is true," replied the man; "we were divorced." "She now says she will retire for the present and let others come; and now another woman appears who says that she also was your wife." "Describe her," said the man. "I will," said Mr. N., "She is a short, well-built woman, round-faced, light complexioned, with blue eyes, light hair which hangs in curls loosely, and she says her name was Susan." "You are right again," said the soldier. I will own to the truth; but tell me, stranger, aren't you fooling me? Haven't you known me before? "No, sir," said Mr. N., "I never saw you until you entered this room; but now," said he, "your second wife retires and a man and his wife step forward here." He described them both and gave their names, which the man recognized at once. "They say," said Mr. N., "that you lived in their family, and that you wrought the ruin of the wife." The man owned that it was true, but was offering some excuses, when Mr. N. continued: "They say they are not here to hear your excuses or accept of your apologies, but to show you that they still live and that your works do follow you; but they now step aside and a young woman with a little girl some seven years old, make their appearance. The woman is a very pretty woman, resembling your second wife, and she says that you are the father of her little daughter." "That's false—a lie," said the man. "I know the woman well enough, but she never had a child by me," said the man. "But she says that you are the father of this little girl, her daughter; that you procured her the medicine to save her from disgrace, and that it took them both into the spirit world." "My God!" said the man, "I shall have to own that it is true. I did not know that that kind of children lived in the spirit world." "You see they do," said the medium, "and you will have to face the music, it seems." "I always had that to do," said the man, "but this is more than I bargained for." "They now retire, and your first wife again appears and says that the cause of your separation from her was that you were jealous of her." "That's true," said the

man, "I was." "But she says," replied the medium, "that if you had cause for being jealous, that she was as good as you were." "I shall have to confess to that, I guess," said the man, "after what has been told me here." "And she says," continued the medium, "that you say you are not afraid;—that you never committed murder. How is it about that light complexioned, sandy whiskered young man that you were jealous of?" At this juncture the man seized his hat and made a rush for the door, saying, "For God's sake, tell me no more!" rushed down stairs and left Salem on the first train.

C. A. REED.

PORTLAND, Or., Dec. 29, 1885.

Endorsement of Mrs. McCulloch.

[Mr. B. F. French, of Los Angeles, having questioned, through the GOLDEN GATE, the genuineness of the materializing phenomena as witnessed in that city in the presence of Mrs. Addie McCulloch, under the management of Henry Hurst, formerly of Terre Haute, Indiana, we admit to our columns the following letters in reply. One charge made by Mr. French, and which we referred to editorially, was that confederates were admitted to the cabinet through the floor below. This and all other charges of deception are herein denied.—Ed. G. G.]

LOS ANGELES, Jan. 5, 1886.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Reading in the GOLDEN GATE charges of fraud against our materialization, through the medium, Mrs. Addie McCulloch, 33 Banning street, you will confer a favor on me if you will give my information on what I saw at several of her seances, the first being in the small cabinet, not elevated, but could be moved to any part of the house, which stood in her parlor; all who desired examined thoroughly. The later seances I have witnessed since my return from San Francisco. Mr. Henry Hurst, who has been her manager, was advised, through her hand, to rebuild the cabinet and make it two feet longer, and raise it one foot from the floor, making double doors, showing the spirit and medium at the same time. There are no windows, doors, or traps, leading to this cabinet. I have examined the entire surroundings, both above and under the floor, and know there is no possibility of admitting confederates to the cabinet; furthermore, a bright light burns close to the cabinet until the manifestations begin, then a mellow light is kept up all the time during the seance. About three months ago I had a seance with her, in the small cabinet, no other party being in the room but myself and a medical friend, who happened to call; so I invited him to sit with us. My spirit wife opened the door of the cabinet and came out and shook hands with us and conversed some minutes, as she has done many times before through several mediums. She is a slender woman compared to the medium, and I could not mistake her for the medium whom we both sat seated in the cabinet at the same time. She whispered to me to be kind to the medium, as she was a bridge by which spirits could come back to earth and show themselves. I have seen her so often in the last ten years that I recognized her at once. An Indian girl, whom I had seen at several seances at Terre Haute, Indiana, also came out and danced for us, and some others. On my return from San Francisco at Christmas time I attended several seances at her house again, witnessing far stronger and finer manifestations than before. Mr. Hurst conducted the seances and was in plain sight during the evening; also the medium is shown up at the appearance of every spirit, and I believe her to be as genuine a materializing medium as any in the field of labor, and I have been a thorough investigator and a believer for thirty years.

You will confer a favor on me to publish these facts, as I like to see justice have fair play.

Yours for truth,

BENJAMIN LEWITT.

LOS ANGELES, Jan. 5, 1886.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

My attention is called to observe the untruthful article against me, written by Benjamin French of this city. I wish to state herein that I am not a fraud, nor am I interested in one. I am a developer of mediums, and believe that my seance labor at Terre Haute, Ind., will live in time memorial. Whenever Mr. French attempts to interfere or control a seance that I am managing he will find his labor lost; thus his song of fraud. First, our seances are not public, but we have given every opportunity for examination of the cabinet, its surroundings, *above* and *below*. I built the cabinet myself, and can testify that there is no trap nor elevator to it, as our scientific foe seems to infer. I built it under the entire direction of Mrs. McCulloch's band or guides, and not to please Mr. French or his emissaries. He has been complimented to all of our seances, but in one single instance I think he proffered twenty-five cents; this I can swear is all he ever paid. When he accuses me of being a professional developer of fraud mediums, he tells a falsehood, and he knows it. Industry of the mind is good if pure, but growth of the soul is necessary to this feeble foe to the cause. Yours in the fraternity of spiritual labor and interest,

HENRY HURST.

LOS ANGELES, Jan. 5, 1886.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

We, the undersigned, wish to correct, as well as protect, the individual worth of our medium, Mrs. Addie McCulloch, 33 Banning street, as a medium of form manifestations and true materialization. We believe her to be genuine. We have

all repeatedly seen our spirit friends at her seances, and conversed with them, while the medium was in full view, often going into the cabinet and touching the medium while the spirit was standing in the door. We have examined the cabinet thoroughly upon different occasions, both above and below the cabinet, and house, and know positively there is no trap or entrance that could possibly admit of a confederate.

Yours for truth and justice,

Mrs. Jennie R. Warren,
Amos W. Hall,
John White,
Mrs. John White,
Mrs. Ann Rush,
Josiah Rush,
Amzy Merriam,
H. J. Crow,
Mrs. Lizzie Crow,
E. C. Bratt,
Mrs. Lizzie J. Bratt,
Benjamin Lewitt,
J. L. Baisley,
George Baisley,
Mrs. Lottie C. Baisley,
Antoine Blaise,
F. W. Sparr,
Mrs. Mary Sparr,
Christ Meyfarth.

Wonderful Mediumship.

EDITOR OF THE GOLDEN GATE:

Through the solicitation of your agent, I copy from my scrap-book the following account of a most perfect and interesting spirit control of an innocent-minded orphan child, from the New York Orphan Asylum, by her spirit mother, an accomplished music teacher.

B. H. CARTER.

OAKLAND, Jan. 12, 1886.

"In April, 1865, among the car load of orphans sent west, to find homes, by the Aid Society of New York, was one little French girl named Lisette, selected for us by request, from a number of favorites at the orphan asylum on account of her gentle disposition.

"One night we were awakened by sweet music from the piano. Though somewhat frightened, and greatly surprised, we listened intently, when we perceived it was by a master-hand. One of Handel's grand majestic movements, another of Liszt's fantasies, of such difficult execution that none but the expert professors of art attempt it, and I know the notes of either were not in the house. My husband and I stealthily passed to the room; the reflection from the light in our room made everything visible in the parlor. To our great astonishment there sat at the piano Lisette, dressed in her gayest suit, with her head dressed in the best of taste. My husband lighted the gas, and as we passed to Lisette's side we noticed her eyes were closed and her face deadly white. At the same time Lisette, turning her head towards me and bowing politely, said in a lady-like voice, 'That was Liszt's own favorite when I knew him; beautiful, isn't it? But here is something I like better,' and turning to the piano, her eyes closed, she gave with exquisite skill one of Bach's Counter Fugues, which is perhaps the most difficult of all compositions to render, but when well delivered, as this was, carries the mind to heavenly scenes. As it closed, Lisette rose gracefully, and bowing, said: 'That is sufficient for this child to-night, she must now rest.'

"We did not speak of it the next morning to the child. It was repeated the second night with additions of music, remarks and criticisms natural to an accomplished performer. As she closed this performance she surprised us still more by saying: 'Good friends, I much thank you for your kindness to this child; I am her mother, and I am training her unconsciously to herself. Please don't tell her of this practice, for I fear she will not long remain with you, as she is very delicate,' and bowed herself out.

"As Lisette seemed declining in health, we called a physician. He prescribed for her but did not understand her case. The doctor witnessed the performances, as they were repeated, alternately, for several nights. He said she was undoubtedly asleep while at the piano. On one occasion she turned to him and said: 'Oh, doctor! I see you don't understand this; Lisette is not before you except in body. I am her mother. I can use her body. My name is Theresa Bernard. I was reared in Lorraine, married in Paris. I taught music in Paris,—it was my grand passion. My husband died on board ship as we came to America. I died a few months afterwards. I have watched Lisette ever since—you need not give her medicine—she will soon be with me and Louis.'

"The child passed away, painless, gradually fading, the following winter, January, 1866. After her death my husband wrote to the asylum, whence she came to learn the record of the child, and received the following reply:

"Bernard Lisette—Entered January, 20, 1861, from Bleecker street tenement house. Supposed to be four years old; mother died of starvation; said to be a French music teacher. Lisette sent to Indianapolis, April, 1865."

MRS. J.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., 1866.

It is said that canned berries retain their flavor, and keep better when a buttered cloth is laid over the top of the jar before screwing down the cover.

To prevent a mustard plaster from blistering, mix with the white of an egg.

GOLDEN GATE.

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1886.

THE PROMISES.

Every advanced and advancing phase of the marvelous phenomena of modern Spiritualism has been in fulfillment of the predictions of the spirit intelligences communicating through mediums. Thus, early in the history of the manifestations, we were promised the materialization of forms, the independent voices, writing by spirit hands, and various other phases, all of which has been fulfilled. The evolution of psychic forms, in full light—so complete, in several instances, as to be photographed in the glare of the calcium light—are well attested facts; and in instances without number have these forms stood face to face and walked arm in arm with mortals—have been fully identified as the forms of those once living on earth. These facts are familiar to tens of thousands of Spiritualists.

But the grandest promises are yet to be fulfilled, and surely the time seems near at hand. It has been prophesied that the spirits of the departed will yet find mediums in whose presence they will stand upon our platforms,—real, tangible entities,—and instruct the multitudes who shall gather to hear them—that they will also appear in our homes and be seen upon our streets. Then, truly, will "faith be lost in sight, and death swallowed up in victory."

With practice and experience mortals are enabled to furnish better and better conditions, and the spirits are also steadily improving in their knowledge of the laws of control whereby they can impinge themselves more clearly upon our senses. And so there is less and less groping in the dark, less stumbling along blind ways in our researches in a newly discovered realm of strange forces. The time is at hand when all eyes shall see, and all shall know beyond cavil that "if a man die he shall live again."

CLAIRVOYANCE.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

If agreeable, and you can spare the space, would you be kind enough to give a description of the different phases of clairvoyance, and oblige an earnest seeker and

SUBSCRIBER?

Clairvoyance, or clear-seeing, as understood by Spiritualists, is an unfolding of the spiritual vision whereby one is enabled to see spiritual persons, or images, and retain the impression thereof upon the normal or material brain. That the mind may take note of things—become cognizant of facts and surroundings independent of the physical senses,—is well illustrated in the phenomena of somnambulism. In the clairvoyant the spiritual sense of vision is quickened to a greater or less extent, and he sees, as it were, with the mind, or the eyes of the spirit. The "different phases of clairvoyance" are simply different grades or degrees of one phase. Coupled with clairaudience (or clear hearing) one can both see spirit forms, and hear their voices,—sights and sounds unrecognizable by the physical senses. For more satisfactory information on this subject we would recommend you to apply to some well known clairvoyant.

PAPER ARTICLES.

Turning back to the time when there was no paper for the most special use, and comparing it with these days when paper stands beside timber as an article for manufacture, gives one an idea of the growth of mind as great, in one direction, as the ideas scattered broadcast on its printed pages does in another. Paper is now used for so many things that it is more difficult to tell for what it is not. There are some paper articles that, while they possess the virtue of warmth and economy, should be condemned for unhealthfulness; these are paper bedclothes. Pillow cases with no harm, but sheets and counterpanes must be decidedly injurious, since they would prevent the exhalations of the body,—always greatest during sleep,—from passing off, or even being quite absorbed. If one would keep well, cotton or linen sheets, and woollen blankets, should not be exchanged for any other article because it is cheap and does not need washing.

THE CARRIER DOVE.—This excellent monthly, for January, appears as promised, greatly enlarged, and beautified in many ways. It contains a capital full-page likeness of Mrs. E. L. Watson, with a sketch of the life and life-work of that grand inspirational speaker. It also has full-page illustrations of those noble workers in the cause, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Morton; also an illustration of spirit-faces appearing on a photographic picture of Dr. Aspinwall, of 1038 Mission street. In addition to these there is an excellent group of the principal pillars of the Temple, including the organist and quartet of vocalists. Surely, Bro. and Sr. Schlessinger have covered themselves with glory in this their "new departure" in journalism. May their subscribers be legion.

SELFISHNESS.

A selfish life is a mean life; and yet all life is more or less selfish, and necessarily so, as society is constituted. Not until the soul is released from its mortal environments, and probably not fully then, can selfishness be entirely dispensed with,—that is, the finer forms of selfishness.

But there is a gross selfishness—a selfishness that covets more than it can use, more than it deserves, and far more than its share, of the essentials of life and happiness—without which humanity would be infinitely better off. Man, as an individual, has but one stomach to feed, one back to clothe, one head to shelter, and one brain to educate; hence, why should he seek to encompass that which would feed, clothe, shelter, and educate thousands, and then never apply his accumulations to the only natural uses for which they were intended? It is common for the world's successful ones—for the man of large acquisitive faculties, and large possessions, to congratulate himself upon his superior attainments. But had he been born under other conditions and amidst other environments he might have been a pauper. The temperate man, who prides himself upon his mastery over his appetites, or the honest man, whom no temptation can swerve from an upright life, born amid other surroundings, and of less staunch moral material, might have been a drunkard and a thief.

This should teach us the folly of self-exaltation, and incline our hearts to charity, and the exercise of a broad humanity towards those less favored or fortunate than ourselves. Modest humility is a commendable virtue in all, and in none more so than with those who are the favored ones of earth. It is through no merits of their own that they are in any sense superior to their fellows.

And then with this superiority comes proportionate greater obligations and responsibilities. Of the one who has little but little is expected or required. The man of large brain and well-trained intellectual faculties is expected to do much thinking for his fellows, and to do that thinking wisely. To him is committed for solution the puzzling problems of society—the relations of man to law, and with his fellow-man—the rights of property, of children, of the criminal classes; and to him, also, is entrusted the grave responsibility of educating the masses in the better ways of life. To the commercial mind—the one endowed with dominant powers of acquisitiveness, and into whose hands flow the accumulations of the labor of others—is committed, in a large measure, the temporal welfare of the less fortunate ones of earth—of the stranded wrecks of humanity—of the helpless and improvident.

And thus is society a stupendous aggregation of units, all closely related to each other. No one can absolve himself from his obligations to others. To the question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" the answer of the divine in human nature ever is, "You are." You are responsible for his ignorance and his vices. You are a participant with him in the crime he commits—in the useless life he leads. Do you not sell him the liquor that nerves his hand to murder? Do you not encourage the bringing into the world of criminals and paupers? The wisest and most virtuous are banded with the ignorant and vicious by indissoluble ties. There is no escape from this conclusion.

Now this view of life should inspire the good in man, and call forth his noblest action. How vast the burden of responsibility resting upon all; and how necessary to our own and the world's truest welfare that each acts his part wisely.

THE COMING CURE.

A Boston girl supposed to be dying of consumption went to New Jersey and was stung by mosquitoes until cured. The same is said to have cured a man of rheumatism, another of dropsy, and so on, until these ill-reputed songsters of the swamps and malarial bogs are making a new reputation for themselves.

While they seem thus beneficial to invalids, they have not in a few cases proven deadly to the well. All sickness is the result of poison, and the other poison that these free lancers inject into the cuticle of a patient counteracts the one from which the person is already suffering, and thus effects a cure.

The sting of bees, hornets and wasps has been known to have the same effect on sick persons, while to the well it is like giving medicine or poison that causes illness and often death. The time is coming when these insects will be kept, like leeches, for medical purposes. But one will have to suffer long and severely before submitting to these pain-inflicting creatures, all preferring old pains to new ones.

HELP THEM.

Nothing is so communicative as evil, or that which we call so. A bad example or a wrong deed finds ready publication and a wide notoriety, while those that are good and right seldom see the light of this world. We believe there is an innate longing in every human soul for something better, this desire being in proportion to the real good that is in each one of us. Yet, it is hard to reconcile this aspiration with that tendency to listen to, relate, and help perpetuate a wrong. Some have such a saintly way of discussing the shortcomings of others, that for awhile no one suspects there is anything in the talker but pity

and regret that any one can do as Dame Gossip says So-and-So does. But one accustomed to mind one's self and one's own affairs, will not be slow in finding out that the harmless talker is doing her best at conversation, and has nothing more than she is giving you. This is astonishing, for you may see papers, books and magazines lying around in plenty. Something is wrong indeed, when the mind can not assimilate healthful food. There is just one remedy: Deny it its old pabulum until it is hungry enough to take wholesome nutriment. This cure all may take part in by ceasing to retail petty news.

"MR. LINCOLN'S RELIGION."

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Mr. Lincoln held a pew in the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church of Washington, D. C., during his entire term of office as President of the United States, and occupied it regularly (with rare exceptions) every Sabbath morning, even during the most exciting and busy days of the war and it does not seem just to his memory that he should be classed with the foes of that religion which he publicly honored. For the sake of truth, and the youth of our land, will you correct the statement referred to?

Having personally known Mr. Lincoln, and also having sat in a pew adjoining his in the church referred to, I know of what I write.

Very respectfully yours,

MRS. JOHN BIDWELL.

CHICAGO, January 8, 1886.

ANSWER.

The foregoing is in answer to Dr. Taylor's article, entitled "Mr. Lincoln's Religion," that appeared in No. 24 of the GOLDEN GATE, in which the author set forth certain facts indicating that Mr. Lincoln was a Spiritualist.

We gladly publish Mrs. Bidwell's letter "for the sake of truth," although we can not see what particular advantage it can be to "the youth of our land," should it be shown that Mr. Lincoln was not a Spiritualist. We know he had a great, loving heart, and a grand nature throbbing with "good will to man," that no amount of religion could change or obliterate. It was impossible for him to believe in a God who could consign little children to endless torment.

The fact of his being a regular attendant of a Presbyterian Church in Washington, during his occupancy of the Presidential office, is no denial of the other alleged fact that he held numerous private seances with mediums at his Springfield home, or that he entertained mediums at the White House, or even that he was a believer in the existence of the soul after death, and the possibility, under certain conditions, of its return to communicate with mortals. The pastor of the aforesaid church believes the same, and so, no doubt, does our esteemed correspondent, unless they ignore the Bible account of Jacob's entertainment of his spirit visitors, and the materialization of Moses and Elias, on a certain occasion.

Our sister misjudges Spiritualists and Spiritualism, when she infers that to believe in the phenomena of spirit return one must necessarily be a "foe" to the Christian religion. Why, there is nothing good in Christianity that Spiritualists do not uphold and approve. They are the true followers of Jesus in their belief in, and exercise of, spiritual gifts. Does she not know that the churches are full of Spiritualists, and that the phenomenal facts of Spiritualism, now thoroughly demonstrated, are doing more to arrest the spread of Materialism in the world than all the evangelical preaching combined?

The Church should hail Spiritualism as an angel of light sent into the world to prove, (what theology has never been able to,) the immortality of the soul. Any system of religion that comes short of this positive proof of continued existence; must, in the nature of things, be seriously defective. There is no doubt that Mr. Lincoln sought for this proof, and it is to be hoped that he found it.

COCAINE.

Various and conflicting reports are afloat regarding the use and effect of the new and powerful anesthetic, cocaine. A Chinese physician some time ago was said to have gone insane from its use. Another doctor of the same place says it is a sure and safe remedy for hay fever, and will not result in creating an appetite for it. Another report from St. Louis says that James Dugan, aged fifteen, was cured by its use of a long-standing illness. Another man, a wealthy druggist of New York city, who grew enthusiastic over the drug during Grant's sickness, has taken three hundred dollars' worth of the article, and is now a total wreck. If these reports are true they only prove that cocaine, like all other anesthetics, may be safe for some and deadly to others.

This new article is the most powerful of its kind yet discovered, and it is surprising how reckless persons are in its use. Curiosity, no doubt, prompts a man familiar with its nature, to experiment with it upon himself; but if he is so generous with his life he had better give himself to the medical fraternity for the benefit of those who would live.

"TEN CENTS AT A TIME."

That is the way it goes, but the young man of the day does not believe that these ten-cent pieces would ever amount to anything if put away and themselves denied of false pleasure they bring. They don't believe it, but if they had a particle of common sense they would try it. If they could not deny themselves tobacco and drink, they could at least put in a safe place a duplicate "paltry ten cents" each time one was thrown away for their destruction. We believe the result shown at the end of one year would give the young man a better understanding of himself and his probable future than all the Sunday sermons and temperance lectures he could possibly attend in this time.

Why do not parents or sisters talk to these sons and brothers and help them to see the tendency of their habits by becoming the custodian for one or more years, of these "small sums" spent so thoughtlessly? A little money is less to a man than a woman, until they can see how it mounts to the dollars, when they begin to think, and may be soon.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—Mr. George P. Colby recently delivered a course of lectures on Spiritualism at Nanaimo, B. C., and has been engaged for another course which commenced on the 15th inst.

—Copies of the GOLDEN GATE can usually be found at Cooper's news stand on Market street, opposite the Palace Hotel. The paper may always be had on Sundays of the news agent at the Temple.

—We shall publish in our next issue an admirable discourse by Mrs. E. L. Watson, delivered at Ixora Hall, in this city, Jan. 1, 1882. As it has never been published it will be new to many of the admirers of the distinguished speaker.

—J. H. Fichte, the German philosopher and author, says: "Notwithstanding my age (83) and my exemption from the controversies of the day, I feel it my duty to bear testimony to the great fact of Spiritualism. No one should keep silent."

—Mr. Coleman's masterly lecture on "Science and Religion," delivered at the Temple recently, and which we publish entire, although of great length, will be found to be deeply interesting and instructive. It is full of thought for thinkers, and will well repay a careful perusal.

—Mrs. Whitney informs us that the demands upon her mediumship since the holidays are so great that she will have to postpone her proposed southern trip for the present. In answer to the many who have written to her on the subject, she requests us to say that she hopes to make the trip at an early future day, and will endeavor then to see them all.

—Professor de Morgan, President of the Mathematical Society of London, says: "I am perfectly convinced that I have both seen and heard, in a manner which should make unbelief impossible, things called spiritual, things which can not be taken by a rational being to be capable of explanation by imposture, coincidence, or mistake. So far I feel the ground firm under me."

—On Friday last, Mrs. Eunice S. Sleeper executed a second deed to the Society of Progressive Spiritualists, for a lot sixty-nine by sixty-seven and one-half feet, located on Boston place, in this city, and valued at \$3,000. This, with her former deed to the same society to property valued at \$10,000, made a few months ago, will give the society a fine starter for a building fund.

—The present number (26) of the GOLDEN GATE completes the first volume of the paper. Six months' subscribers, beginning with the volume, should renew at once if they would continue to receive the paper. All whose subscriptions expire with the present number are reminded of the same by a "X" placed opposite their names in red ink. A renewal can be had by postal note, which will cost only three cents; or by money order at a cost of eight cents. All money sent in this way may be considered at our risk.

—Ruskin, it is said, won't come to America because we have no ancient ruins. As he is a progressive man we might offer him another inducement. From recent socialistic developments, we can but expect that the use of dynamite may supply us with not a few modern ruins, which, since the great Englishman is not personally acquainted with our styles of architecture, might furnish him a pretext for visiting our country that no doubt would be a mutual benefit.

—The Carson Appeal says that Senator Fair has written a letter to a resident of that city stating that the mint will be re-opened January 1, 1886, and the erection of the new government building will begin in March. This is welcome news to its old employees and still more to the Carsonite generally who will be glad that their little town is once more to jog along with the rest of the busy world. When a mining town stagnates it is seemingly the dearest of all things, but it can reanimate with surprising swiftness if it has a cause.

—A Russian engineer hopes by next year to succeed in telephoning a distance of four thousand six hundred and fifty-five miles. Puck adds that when this is accomplished a man can let his wife at home know that he is going to bring a friend to dinner. There is something more than just in this remark. If husbands could change places with their wives for about one month, they would not thereafter require telephones to apprise their better halves of the coming of strange guests to dinner. They would be quick in finding more original means.

—We are glad to know that the Wednesday night Spiritual meetings continue to attract large and intelligent audiences. There is usually a number of excellent speakers present at these meetings, and the discussions are seldom lacking in interest. The editor of this journal has been urged to take part in these meetings, and he would gladly do so, but that the work in which he is engaged leaves him no time to spare for other work. He speaks to an audience of thousands through each issue of the GOLDEN GATE, which is quite as much as can reasonably be expected of him.

—When Mark Twain lived in Washington, it is said that he took a ghastly delight in smoking a villainous pipe to drive away bores who bothered him while at work. The pleasure of smoking was never better described than "ghastly"; but we rather think that Mark Twain got the worst of it, for who ever heard of a "bore" that did not just love an old pipe? There are so many effective ways of dealing with this class, that a man of the mental resources of this humorist should have found a means less injurious to himself.

—The position of poundmaster is not an enviable one. He is always in trouble and disgrace with some one, and liable to all sorts of encounters. Every creature he catches on the highway has a friend or owner that not infrequently happens along too soon for Mr. Poundmaster, which is before he succeeds in reaching the goal of his profession. In San Jose a few days ago he was

chased half over the town by a woman bent upon rescuing her pet poodle, which she did. In Stockton last week the same functionary is reported being whipped twice. Alas! for both the man and the animals he hunts! It is hardening to the one and cruelty to the other. If all persons would look properly after their dumb creatures no such officers would be needed.

—Louis Philippe, once King of the French, is now declared to have been the son of a French sailor. His reputed father and mother had a daughter born to them. Wanting a son, and fearing failure they changed children with a fisherman. Such is the basis of many a sensational romance, and this might as well go for fiction. When it comes to monarchs there is little but the name, and if France was ruled by a fisherman's son and has just found it out it is all right, since it is too late to cause her any trouble.

—In Germany apothecaries are not allowed to sell miscellaneous articles, on the ground that such sales are likely to divert the clerk's attention from the delicate and responsible duty of compounding medicines. There are, however, drug stores in Germany on the American plan, but in them no prescription can be prepared under severe penalties. Poisonous articles are kept in a room designed exclusively for them. If these rules prevailed in all countries there could not occur the shocking "mistakes" that are so often chronicled by the press.

—It is thought by some that the quantity of money is not changed by the channel through which it comes. But all know money and wealth brings happiness or misery according to the manner and method of its attainment. The humble source from which money comes is honorable if honest, and we are glad the Mayor and City Attorney of Louisville are not ashamed to have it known that they derive their salaries—\$8,000—from the dog-tax. The dogs that support these functionaries are doing good service. But the saloons that pay license to make drunkards are earning only retribution that will soon overtake them.

—In the Atlanta Medical and Surgical Journal mention is made of an electric stethoscope, and one Dr. Eve describes a series of experiments made by him with the instrument. The nature of obscure fractures was detected by the character of the sounds conducted through the apparatus, and could distinguish between aneurisms from tumors by the sound of pulsation. Inter-cranial and muscular sounds were made with great clearness. The sensitiveness of the instrument is said to be so great that the walk of a fly seems like the tramp of an elephant. A little while and there will be no inconvenience and privation from deafness.

—In a late work published on "Insanity and Neuroses," the author says that "rapid verbal association, punning and verse-making are manifestations of mania." Thus it will be seen that it takes science longer to reach a conclusion than it does common sense. There is not an editor of a newspaper in the country that could not have written volumes on the relation of insanity and spring poetry, which is about the same as "rapid verbal association," only more so. But editors do not get credit for half they know, therefore they fail to do all they might, and science often takes the medals for their discoveries.

—Rev. Samuel Jones is now laboring on the raw material of sin in St. Louis. He is in a great field, but it is to be hoped he may not find it inexhaustible, since there is a greater and richer fully ripe for his cutting tongue. This is Chicago. When he gets there, as he doubtless will, it will be interesting to observe how his original method works. If he succeeds, good for Chicago, for a worse city to deal with in all things but free whisky can not be found on two continents.

THE GOLDEN GATE.—We are pleased to note in the new type in which our San Francisco contemporary comes to us, that success is attending it. It is worthy of all the material prosperity attainable, because of the excellent good taste evinced in its management, and the ability with which it champions the spiritual cause.—Banner of Light.

W. D. Campbell, in *Harbinger of Light*, says: "I have been to a seance for materialization here, in Auckland. I provided a test in the form of a sheet of cardboard well blackened with smoke. This I placed quite beyond the reach of any one occupying the medium's seat. While sitting in the dark all were in contact including the medium; I held one of his hands. The signal for 'light' was given by the sounding of a bell, none of our hands being able to reach it, and on the blackened card was the imprint of a hand. The medium's hand was found partially blackened as if it had been lightly laid upon it, the card being out of his reach, and his hands being held. Subsequent experiments showed that his wearing apparel could be similarly impressed by the black on the card. While sitting in the subdued light, all within ten feet of the medium were touched; we saw, now and then an arm and hand emerging from the medium, waving about, and we inferred that the touches were by an arm and hand materialized from him."

"Spiritualism is a science which proves by experimental method of reality of the existence of the soul and its immortality. It furnishes us the certainty of communications between the living and those we call dead. Spiritualism is a philosophy which responds to all the aspirations of the heart and the reason."—Allan Kardec.

"After studying spiritual phenomena four years I do not say they are possible; I say they actually exist."—William Crookes.

"Thanks to patient observation, I have acquired the certain proofs of the reality of the phenomena of Spiritualism."—Prof. Alfred Wallace.

NEWS AND OTHER ITEMS.

A party of travelers recently made the journey from San Francisco to London, via New York and Liverpool, in a trifle less than fourteen days.

The threatened strike on the horse railroad cars in New York has been averted by the roads conceding to the demands for twelve hours as a day's work.

The people of Atlanta, Ga., sunk \$26,000 in an artesian well 2,000 feet deep, only to learn from a professor of a State university that the city stood on granite rock—the bedrock of the continent.

De Lesseps will remain a fortnight at Panama. He declares that the task there is far easier than was the construction of the Suez canal. He says that the Panama canal will be completed in 1888.

Soldier, A. P. Moore, was robbed of \$18 50 many years ago while stationed at Liberty, Mo. He was, a week or so ago, the recipient of over \$61, sent anonymously, to pay the principal and interest.

Misery is widespread in Paris this Winter. Cripples and beggars, who exercised their traditional right of soliciting alms in the streets on New Year's day, stretched in serried lines from the Madeleine to the Bastille.

The English papers show a lively appreciation of the fact that \$1,000,000,000 of Irish property and \$500,000,000 of Irish mortgage bonds are substantially owned by Englishmen. This will eventually prove the principal obstacle to Irish reforms.

The New York *World's* Jacksonville, Florida, special of the 12th says: "This has been the longest and severest cold spell ever felt in Florida. The loss in oranges on trees, according to Capt. Ives, Manager of the Fruit Exchange, is \$1,000,000. The loss to the vegetable crops is immense, some men having sixty to one hundred acres killed. The freeze extended to the extreme southern point of the peninsula.

Prejudices are like the knots in the glass of our windows. They are the shape of everything that we choose to look at through them; they make straight things crooked and everything indistinct.

No character can possibly embrace all types of perfection, for the perfection of a type depends not only upon the virtues that constitute it, but upon the order and prominence assigned to them.

If the oven is too hot when baking, place a dish of cold water in it.

A CRUCIAL TEST.

Mr. Varnum Wescott, of Soledad, California, on Wednesday, Jan. 6th, purchased, in this city, two common school slates, about 8x12 inches in size. He took them to a carpenter, placed a bit of pencil between, and had him fasten the slates securely together with two screws passed through the frames on the sides. In this condition he took the slates to Mr. Fred Evans, 1244 Mission street. The slates were never for a moment out of his (Wescott's) sight or hands. On opening the slates the following messages appeared within, covering both the inner surfaces of the slates:

God bless you, my dear friend of the earth plane. I am happy to give you this final proof of the truth of spirit return, and wish you to herald it to the world that they might seek the truth also; I am sorry to see so many who are supposed to be friends to the cause, who refuse to acknowledge the wonderful proofs they have received, thus keeping others, who have not enjoyed that privilege, in darkness. But you must be an exception to this rule and make the glad news known to the world so that others can receive the light. You have plenty of work to do before you join us.

Yours in spirit,
THOMAS PAINE.

MY DEAR FRIEND WESCOTT:—You have my heartfelt wishes for your success, and depend on it, my promise to aid you will not be broken.

Yours in spirit,
W. H. PATTERSON.

MY DEAR SON VARNUM:—I am happy to meet you here this morning, and feel happy to see that your intentions are to work for the cause, and seeking all that is good and true prove to the world the happiness of a future life and immortality of the soul.

This from your loving mother,
BETSEY WESCOTT.

UNCLE VARNUM:—I am with you.
Your nephew,
JASPER PERIGO.

I am so happy to add another item to the truth of Spiritualism, and hope soon to manifest and prove it to the world through you.

Your brother,
GEORGE WESCOTT.

DEAR FRIEND:—You have my best wishes in your noble work of enlightening humanity. You will have my every aid. Good-bye,
CARRIE MILLER.

Having read the foregoing statement and messages, I declare, upon oath, that the messages are true copies of those appearing upon the slates, and that they were written in the manner stated.

VARNUM WESCOTT.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
City and County of San Francisco, ss.
On this 7th day of January, one thousand eight hundred and eighty-six, before me, John F. Lyons, a Notary Public in and for said city and county, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared Varnum Wescott, known to me to be the person described in, and whose name is subscribed to, and who executed the within instrument, and he acknowledged to me that he executed the same.

In witness thereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal, at my office in the city and county of San Francisco, the day and year in this certificate first above written.

JNO. F. LYONS, Notary Public.

[SEAL]

THE OPIUM HABIT.—In 1813 Coleridge's face was hollow, his eye wild, his hand and step tottering. The cause of his condition was no longer a secret. Cottle, as his oldest friend, expostulated with him. Coleridge, in answer, discloses his dreary history. He wishes to place himself in a private mad-house, and concludes: "You bid me rouse myself; go, bid a man paralytic in both arms to rub them briskly together and that will cure him. Alas!" he would reply, "that I can not move my arms is my complaint and misery." His sense of his degradation was keen. "Conceive," he writes, "a spirit in hell employed in tracing out for others the road to that heaven from which his crimes exclude him. In short, conceive whatever is most wretched, helpless, hopeless, and you will form a notion of my state." The sums which he spent in opium were large. Meanwhile he left his wife and children to be mainly supported by friends, and his son Hartley was sent to college on alms collected by Southey. "He never," wrote Southey, in 1814, "writes to his wife or children, or opens a letter from them." He did not even answer the letter in which Southey told him of the scheme for Hartley's education. He might have made money by his pen, but he preferred to accept the charity of a Cottle.—*The Edinburgh Review*.

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NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

DO SPIRITS OF DEAD MEN AND WOMEN Return to Mortals? Mrs. E. R. Herbert, a spirit Medium, gives sittings daily from 12 to 4 p. m. (Sundays excepted), at No. 418 Twelfth Street, Oakland, Cal. Conference meetings Sunday evening: Developing Circles, Tuesday evenings. Public are invited. no18

SPIRITUAL SERVICES at Metropolitan Temple, under the ministrations of the celebrated and eloquent spiritual lecturer, Mrs. E. L. Watson, Sunday, January 17th. Conference meeting at 11 a. m., on the subject of organization. Evening lecture at 7:30. Subject: "Mediumship, and its import, past and present." The Children's Progressive Lyceum at 12:30 p. m. A cordial invitation to attend is extended to all.

CONFERENCE AND TEST SEANCE every Wednesday evening at Grand Pacific Hall, 1049 Market street, between Sixth and Seventh. Free to all.

PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS.—The "Progressive Spiritualists" meet in Washington Hall, No. 35 Eddy street, every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock p. m. All subjects relating to human welfare and Spiritual unfoldment treated in open conference. All are invited. On Sunday, January 17, 1886, at 2 p. m., the discussion of the subject of "Mediumship" will be continued. Opened by Mrs. Wms. Patterson.

N. B.—The Free Spiritual Library in charge of this Society is open to all persons on Sundays from 1 to 4 o'clock p. m. Contributions of books and money solicited.

MRS. HENDEE will lecture in Medical College Hall, Clay street, Oakland, every Sunday evening at 7:30 o'clock.

THE OAKLAND SPIRITUAL ASSOCIATION.—Meets every Sunday, at 2 p. m., at Medical College Hall, corner of Clay and Eleventh streets (two blocks west from Broadway). Public cordially invited. Direct all communications to G. A. Carter, 360 Eighth street, Oakland.

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For the purpose of placing the GOLDEN GATE upon a basis that shall inspire public confidence in its stability, and also for the purpose of extending the field of its usefulness, a number of prominent and influential Spiritualists have organized themselves into a Joint Stock Company known as the "Golden Gate Printing and Publishing Company," with a capital stock of \$15,000, divided into 3,000 shares of \$5 each. The corporation is invested with power to carry on a general printing and publishing business; to buy and sell, hold and inherit real estate; to receive, hold and dispose of bequests; to deal in books and periodicals; in short, the foundation is laid for the future of a large publishing, printing and book-dealing business.

It is agreed that each share of the capital stock of said Company subscribed for shall entitle the holder to an annual dividend of ten per cent, payable in subscription to the paper. That is, the holder of five shares, or \$25 of stock, shall be entitled to a copy of the paper free, so long as the corporation exists, together with all the profits and advantages which the ownership of said stock may bring. (The paper at \$2.50 per annum—the lowest price at which it can be afforded—being equivalent to ten per cent of \$25.) For any less number than five shares a pro rata reduction will be allowed on subscription to the paper. Thus, the holder of but one share will receive a perpetual reduction of fifty cents on his annual subscription. That is, he will be entitled to the paper for \$2 per annum. The holder of two shares will pay but \$1.50; of three shares, \$1; four shares, 50 cents, and of five shares, nothing.

By this arrangement every share-holder will receive, as we have before stated, what is equivalent to a perpetual annual dividend of ten per cent. The subscriber for twenty shares of the stock, or \$100, would be entitled to four copies of the paper. He could, if he chose, dispose of three of these copies among his acquaintances, at the regular subscription rate of \$2.50 for each per annum, and thereby realize what would be equivalent to a cash dividend of seven and one-half per cent on his investment, and have his own paper free in addition.

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As no more stock will be sold than will be necessary for the needs of the business—which will not be likely to exceed, in any event, over fifty per cent of the nominal capital—and as the paper will be conducted on the most economical principles, there will be no probability of, or necessity for, future assessments. The sale of the reserved stock would be ample to meet any contingency that might possibly arise. But, with careful management, there will be no necessity to draw upon this reserve. On the other hand, from the present outlook and the encouragement the paper is receiving, we confidently believe that the time is not far distant when the business will pay a fair cash dividend upon the stock, in addition to that already provided for.

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The Board of Trustees named in the articles of incorporation (which have been duly filed) consists of the following gentlemen: Amos Adams, M. B. Dodge, R. A. Robinson, Dr. Robert Brown and J. J. Owen. President of the Board, Hon. Amos Adams.

FORM OF BEQUEST.

To those who may be disposed to contribute by will to the spread of the gospel of Spiritualism through the GOLDEN GATE, the following form of bequest is suggested:

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OUR SUNDAY TALKS;

—OR—

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SECOND EDITION. REVISED AND ENLARGED.

Following are some of the Press opinions of the first edition;

We consider the volume a most readable and useful compilation, in which the taste and ability of the able writer has been fully illustrated. Mr. Owen is editor of the *San Jose Mercury*, one of the leading newspapers of the State; edited with great tact and good management, and conducted with care and marked clear-headed judgment. His writings are always readable, terse, vigorous and clear-cut, and in the choice little volume before us, he gives us the very best flowers culled from the bouquet which his mind and brain have combined together.—*Spirit of the Times*.

It is calculated to elevate the mind above the mere greed for gain and momentary pleasures, and cause the thoughts to run in a more elevated channel. It contains some magnificent gems, and is of that character that will command a place among the literature of the day.—*Pioneer*.

As to the contents of the book we can not speak too much praise. The selections are principally made up from the best things which have for several years been written for the *Mercury* by Mr. Owen. It is a collection of the beautiful thoughts—thoughts characteristic of the cultivated mind and warm heart of the author, clothed in the purest and best English. Mr. Owen, as a writer, has few equals on the Coast, and his "Sunday Talks" were penned in his happiest vein.—*Footlight*.

The compilation brings before us, in a compact form, the talented author's best and noblest thoughts on life and morals. Nothing in quiet hours will give more food for wholesome reflection than one of Bro. Owen's essays.—*Gilroy Advocate*.

The volume is made up of short editorials on thoughtful topics culled from the columns of the author's newspaper, which tell of studious application and observation, written in a pleasing and interesting style, and full of good "meat," with the intent of benefiting their minds.—*Carson Appeal*.

As a home production this collection of pleasing essays and flowing verse is peculiarly interesting. The author wields a graceful pen, and all of his efforts involve highly moral principle. Although these are newspaper articles published by an editor in his daily round of duty, yet when now bound together in one volume they seem to breathe more of the spirit of the cloistered scholar than is wont to gather round the ministrations of the editorial tripod.—*S. F. Post*.

Bro. Owen's ability as a prose and verse writer is unquestionably of a high order, and in thus grouping a number of his best productions into a compact and handy little volume, he has conferred a favor on many of the *Mercury's* readers, who, like ourselves, have read and appreciated the "Sunday Talks," and from them, perhaps, have been led to form a higher and more ennobling idea of the mission and duties of mankind. *San Benito Advance*.

Owen has a poetic way of saying practical things, a neat and attractive way which makes them readable and easily assimilated and digested, and this volume should have a wide circulation.—*Foot Hill Tidings*.

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They embrace editorials on miscellaneous subjects, poems, sketches, and short articles, and are really what he styles them, "Gleanings in Various Fields of Thought." The contents are as creditable to Mr. Owen's literary ability as the handsome looking volume is to the taste and resources of the *Mercury* printing establishment.—*S. F. Call*.

The articles in "Sunday Talks" are written in an easy, flowing style, enchain the reader, and teaching grand doctrine. One lays down "Sunday Talks" feeling improved in spirit, with a renewed confidence in mankind and a brighter opinion of the world. The poems are beautiful, and one in particular, "Across the Bar," if name were not attached, would easily pass for the production of some of the noted poets of the country. The poems have a similar tone to the ballads of B. F. Taylor, one of the sweetest poets of America. "Sunday Talks" should have a large circulation.—*Watsonville Pajaronian*.

We have read the "Sunday Talks" and shall continue to do so, for let us open the book where we may we are sure to find something that makes us feel the better for reading; every article is the expression of the thoughts of a manly man to his fellow man.—*Monterey Californian*.

Bright, crystallized sunbeams, which gladden the heart, and give fresh inspiration to the soul. The few moments we allotted to their enjoyment have lengthened to hours, and with a sigh of regret we turn from their contemplation, only because the duties of the day have imperative claims upon our attention. These sunbeams have been materialized in the magic alembic of a master mind. A more beautiful, instructive and entertaining volume never was issued upon the Pacific Coast, or any other coast. Every page is gemmed with bright, sparkling thoughts, the sunbeams of a rarely cultured intellect. As we read page after page of this splendid volume, we are forcibly reminded of the impressions received from our first perusal of Timothy Titcomb's "Gold Foil," or Holmes' "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." It is a work which represents the highest, purest standard of thought, expressed in the best-chosen language. It is one of the happiest contributions which our home literature has ever received.—*Santa Barbara Press*.

They are each and all of them full of deep thought, felicitous expressions, and clear insight into life and its needs and lessons. They are better than sermons, preaching purity and nobility of character in language too plain to be misunderstood, and too earnest to be forgotten. Throughout the volume are choice gems of thought in paragraphs, as pointed and pungent as those of Rochefoucauld, without any of the latter's infidelity.—*Fort Wayne (Ind.) Gazette*.

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A Remarkable Death-Bed Scene.

(D. D. Belden, in Religio-Philosophical Journal.)

Abbot Warren, a medium, died in this city (Denver) the 29th of June, 1871, and the writer of this article was present at the death-bed scene. It was at the residence of William D. Robinson, then living on Champa street, in this city. There were also present Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. Emma E. Moore, Rev. L. E. Beckwith (then the pastor of Unity Church, Denver), the wife of Mr. Beckwith, the wife of the writer, and Henry Warren, of New York City, the father of Abbot Warren. The scene was so remarkable that I have always said it ought to be written up and published, but feeling my inability to do the subject justice, I have deferred it from time to time until, coming upon the notes made at the time, only a few days ago, I made up my mind to undertake an account of what occurred. Abbot Warren was a young man of more than ordinary natural ability. He had been liberally educated; had traveled in Europe; was fine looking, and was in every respect one of the most refined and accomplished gentlemen it was ever my good fortune to meet. He was about twenty-five years of age. He came to Denver from New York City for his health, but died of hemorrhage of the lungs within six weeks after his arrival. He was in no sense a public medium, his mediumship being known only to those of his immediate acquaintance. He came to my office and introduced himself, having, as he said, heard that I was a Spiritualist. He was so very intelligent and agreeable that I became much interested in him, and after office hours I frequently took him to ride in my buggy. On these occasions he would tell me what he saw and heard from the spiritual side of life, he being both clairvoyant and clairaudient, and he described some of my departed friends with wonderful accuracy. He had hoped for great relief in this climate, but soon found that he was not benefited, when he told me that he had about given up any further struggle for life; but he did not seem depressed. At length he took to his bed, and requested me to telegraph his father in New York, and tell him his condition and request him to come immediately, which I did. When his father arrived in a few days I saw at once that he was one of the most substantial gentlemen I had ever met, and further and more intimate acquaintance, both here and in New York subsequently proved my first impressions to be correct. I found that he occupied a high and honorable position in New York City. He, as also Mrs. Warren, the mother of Abbot, were both members of an orthodox church, and as Abbot was their favorite son, they had been much disturbed by the radical views that he had embraced respecting religious matters, and more especially his views respecting Spiritualism.

THE DEATH-BED SCENE:

When the supreme moment at length came, about three days after his father arrived here, Abbot Warren appeared to be under a spirit control, and everything seemed to be said and done in all respects as though it was all by a pre-arranged programme. He said: "I have now but a short time to stay with you," and requested that we should raise his head and shoulders and bolster them up so that he could talk better to us, which being done, he said: "Now get pen, ink and paper and write down what I have to say." That being done, he proceeded with as much deliberation and system as I ever saw a cool and intelligent witness in giving a deposition. Mrs. Beckwith, the wife of the clergyman, did the writing, and it is a copy of her notes made at the time that I now have before me. As she did not write short hand she omitted much, but I will give here what she did write, and then add some things that I distinctly remember and could never forget. Her notes are as follows:

"Tell mother that I love her as I ever have, and you, too, father; and tell her that I die happy—not because I know my Redeemer liveth, particularly, but because I know that I shall live again, and I am happy because I know that I shall meet you all again where the Infinite shall say, 'It is well.' Tell Aunt Lois and Helen, and all the family that I thought much of them before I departed. I thought very much of them.

"Firmness and patience work all things for us when we really try. I know that when I pass on, if I have been wicked, God will judge me. I know that I shall pass into the presence of the great Lord which we call God, and as I have not been wicked I know that God will deal with me mercifully.

"Tell Charley that the light was not bright enough to burn any longer, but in its fullness it was shielded by a brighter light, until I was ready to go out and pass into higher work. I will meet him some time in the future."

After resting a moment he said, "I want you to see how one can die who believes in eternity. I do not know how happy I shall be, but rather I know that I shall live. I leave this body here. I shall put on the spiritual body." Then turning his eyes to his father he said, "Father, are you not satisfied yet? All you have to do is to use the powers which God has given you. You need strength and you will have it. It is worth going to the other world to make one person happy by the passage, and that person is my father." After a

pause: "Remember the poor and the wretched, and do unto others as you would have them do unto you; I die with happiness. It will be some time before you and mother come, but I will be with you often in the silent hours of night. Remember I can come and I will come. By impressions I will often tell you many things. There are friends here to-night I never saw before, and yet so kind to me. God bless you all. And now may my soul depart in peace and quiet to my Creator. Oh! see! is not that a part of heaven? Is it not beautiful? and yet that is only the one side."

Here Mrs. Beckwith's notes close, but I distinctly remember that his father once asked him, when he was sending his message to his mother, I think it was, "Do you not wish to retract anything respecting your former religious views?" His answer was very clear and firm in the following words: "No, father, it is a stupendous truth." During the scene, at some time, his father asked him if he did not want the Rev. Mr. Beckwith to pray for him, and he promptly replied, "No, father, it will do no good," and added, "but if there is anyone here who can play on that piano I would like to hear some music." Mrs. Beckwith actually went to the piano and played a tune, and when she stopped he thanked her, and I do not think this more than thirty minutes before he breathed his last. It was a scene never to be forgotten by any one present, and this is a very meagre account of it. As I have said, he appeared to be under spirit control, and spoke so loud and plain that all present could distinctly hear him in any part of the room. When he ceased talking, and after he had put up that little prayer, "Now, let my soul depart in peace and quiet," etc., the power which seemed to have possessed him suddenly departed and his spirit went out with it. He died in a few moments, and quicker and easier than any one I ever saw. At one time, addressing me, he said, "Who is that person standing by you, Mr. Belden?" I looked to my right hand where he seemed to be gazing and seeing no one there, I said, "No one." "Oh," said he, "I see now, it is a person in spirit life." As he seemed to be triumphing in death, Mrs. Belden was led to make the remark, "You only die a little sooner than the rest of us." Then raising his voice, he said, "Die! I do not die at all! It is no more than passing through the door." It was, indeed, a wonderful triumph in the hour of death. His father expressed himself as greatly gratified and stated that he could not grieve. It seemed to him rather a time for rejoicing. "Did anybody ever see such a triumph over death?" said he. "Death is swallowed up in victory."

After Abbot Warren's death, and before his father took his departure for New York, he had a long talk with me on the subject of Spiritualism, acknowledge that he and his wife had greatly opposed their son in the matter of Spiritualism, but promising me that he would now investigate the subject, communicate to me the result, and accordingly I received from him in the December following his son's death the enclosed letter which, as he has also now passed into spiritual life, there can be no objection to publishing.

NOTE.—The letter referred to gives an account of the father's investigation of the facts of Spiritualism, of his son's return to him, and of his own thorough conviction of the truth thereof.—Ed. G. G.

The Unnatural and Unreal.

(Correspondence Chicago News.)

Do our young girls have a just introduction to life? Are they faithfully taught duties and claims in preference to vanities and unremitting pleasures and excitements? Many a girl in America has at 17 an all-absorbing passion—"flirtation." To accomplish this she trains herself to please the eye by arts that she fondly believes will enhance her charms in the eyes of all male beholders. She burns her hair into unnatural crimps and curls; roughs her fresh young cheeks, powders, pencils and pads—and all for what? For the slaying of the innocence and sweetness of her girlhood.

Such practices can not fail to produce certain and positive results. Anything unnatural or unreal is not at first practiced with comfort. When a child first begins "to powder" and "do her hair" she blushes under her rouge and trembles at her bangs; but ere long a boldness comes and a hard look takes possession; a loud laugh, a coarse stare, and a hungry gnawing for adventure, a secret correspondence, a feast of unholy literature, and so on down, down, to marriage. She—the girl—stands before the altar clad in the garments of purity, makes her vows before God and man of true wifehood—vows whose real meaning can not be made known or comprehended, and which she will rebel against in the very beginning. She has been (as in our custom) allowed to make a free selection of her life's companion, and, as a rule, nothing practical has governed her in her choice. Nine times out of ten the accepted suitor is but moderately possessed of this world's goods. "She is in love," and therein lies the alpha and omega of the whole matter. She does not stop to question what love is, or whether the idol she has set up is worthy of her worship. This, to her thinking, would be unmaidenly and calculating, yet the wedding bells will scarcely cease to chime before the dew of such romance must perish in the strong light of life's real day, and practical facts—such as debts, small income, and actual bread and butter—will stare the awakened dreamer in the face.

Happiness and Time.

(Christian Register.)

The present moment is the abode of happiness; for how can we enjoy the past whose existence is gone, or the future which has not come? What we call enjoyment of these is enjoyment of the thoughts of them which we have now. We hold the past by the reproduction of memory. We summon the future by the forecast of imagination: without which powers, indeed, what joy? For the present is but a breath, a feeling, an instant, an atom, a mote, here and gone. If it were all we could enjoy, we should simply be like passing bursts of strength or like bubbling sensations, each dying in the next, as perhaps we may conceive some creatures to be who have no memory. But the forecasting of the future depends on memory, since all that is to be grows out of what has been. Therefore, memory is the storehouse of zest; and happiness, though it draws from the future because hope and imagination are blissful, yet more exercises itself in filling up the present from the past, for this is to live our lives all at once, as it were, and to combine past pleasures into one whole of existence, which is the very nobility and humanity of enjoyment. Hence, the value of a rich past, to be lived over again in the sweet communion with happy memories, crowded with thoughts great as heaven, and especially with growth; for this is most absorbing and interesting always. All of these may be compacted into a very brief space, so that some great year, or two or three perhaps, may hold riches for a lifetime, and pour their wealth into the lap of the present perpetually. But, if the enjoyment of the present springs so much from the past, so do the joys and riches of the future depend on the wealth of the present; for, if the present be not rich going by, how can the future be rich when it arrives? Yes, the present is making the riches of the future, as the past has made the riches of the present. The future is the riches of the present gathered in a mass of power. To glean all possible enjoyment, therefore, from the things that pass along, whatever they be, to see the divinity in them, to seize on the great side of them, if they be little,—that is, on their relationship to the great,—and to be able to drain the pleasure of little things,—if only, perhaps, a draught of cold water on a dusty day, with a sense of gratitude therewith,—this is wisdom, if one wish to decorate the days with happiness. For we cannot always have mighty things attending us, but there is always a mighty side to the small. There is much, moreover, in choice,—to choose the best. For one cannot master all the possible things to do that sweep by him, great and small. But what if the best that we can have are small, poor, cramped, narrow, difficult? Then to know them where they touch Nature's harmonious and divine intention is our resource.

This filling up the present for happiness, both by fine choice and by devout sense, touches the fountain of love. It is especially the enjoyment of two friends, and lovers are to be counseled to do and think great things together. For what is love worth that draws only a baggage of little things, or that is a passage of sensations dying with the moment? If it shall live, the present must be rich in things fit to live. On these alone can the future of love feed. If as much as possible is got from our conditions, this is a greatness in itself, which will be strong in the future to knit the lives and hearts of the twain that wrestled in company; but, if the twain simply feed on each other, it is consumption and destruction. If both grow, they will grow together. If only one grow, they will be wrenched apart. If neither grow, they will fall asunder by decay.

What One Woman Did.

Some years ago in a foreign city, horses were continually slipping on the smooth and icy pavement of a steep hill, up which loaded wagons and carts were constantly moving. Yet no one seemed to think of any better remedy than to beat and curse the poor animals who tugged and pulled and slipped on the hard stones.

No one thought of a better way, except a poor old woman, who lived at the foot of the hill. It hurt her so to see the poor horses fall on the slippery pavement, that every morning, old and feeble as she was, with trembling steps she climbed the hill and emptied her ash pan and such ashes as she could collect from her neighbors, on the smoothest spot.

At first the teamsters paid her very little attention, but after a little they began to look for her, to appreciate her kindness, and to be ashamed of their own cruelty, and to listen to her requests that they would be more gentle to their beasts.

The town officials heard of the old lady's work, and they were ashamed too, and set to work leveling the hill and reopening the pavement. Prominent men came to know what the old woman had done, and it had suggested to them an organization for doing such work as the old lady had inaugurated. All this made the teamsters so grateful that they went among their employers and others with a subscription paper, and raised a fund that brought the old lady an annuity for life. So one poor old woman and her ash-pan not only kept the poor overloaded horses from falling and stopped the blows and curses of their drivers, but made every animal in the city more comfortable, improved and beautified the city itself, and excited an epoch of good feeling and kindness, the end of which no one can tell.

JUMBO AS A GENTLEMAN.—Mr. Barnum sends the following short account of Jumbo's introduction to his herd of elephants:

"The day after Jumbo's arrival at Madison Square garden we resolved to introduce him to the thirty-five Indian elephants which we had there. Some of us feared the result, but Scott insisted that Jumbo was too much of a gentleman to misbehave. So we placed our thirty-five elephants in a row, each being chained one leg to a post, and then Scott led Jumbo in. He passed in front of the string of elephants looking at first a little surprised, as did all the other elephants when they first discovered him approaching. But Jumbo and all the other elephants at once looked kindly, and each extended its trunk as Jumbo passed, which he fondly took with his own trunk, giving each elephant a kind caress. Mutual affection seemed at once established, and it extended without interruption till the day of his death."—*Harper's Young People.*

THE BISHOP WON THE PRIZE.—A good story is told of the witty Archbishop Whately. On one occasion he was in a field near Dublin, where some men were at work in a hay-field: "Now, my lads," said the archbishop, "you all see that tree yonder?" pointing to a large tree several hundred yards away. "Yes, your grace," they all said. "Well," said the archbishop, "the man who touches that tree first shall have this half-crown." The men got ready for the race. "Now, then," shouted the archbishop, "one, two, three, and away!" Off the men started, each doing his best. When about one-third of the way to the tree, they heard the sound of quick steps behind them, and soon the tall figure and long legs of the archbishop swept past them. With a triumphant laugh, the archbishop touched the tree, and put the half-crown into his pocket. But, after they had acknowledged him as the winner, each of the losers was presented with a half-crown.

A DOG FANNING THE BABY.—Dog stories are always in order, provided they are true. A gentleman in one of the suburban villas of Pittsburg owns a fine specimen of the spaniel breed which is very fond of children, and when the little ones visit his master's house constitutes himself their companion, playmate and guardian. A few days ago a lady with an infant visited the gentleman, and in the course of the day the child was laid on a pillow on the floor to amuse itself for a time. The dog took his place near the little one as usual. The day was hot and the flies bad, and they made the baby the target of frequent attacks. This rendered her restless. Doggie watched her for a few minutes, and then, walking close up, with his nose or paw, drove away every fly as soon as it lit on the baby's face, and did it so gently, too, as not to disturb her in the least. The dog's actions attracted the attention of the mother and others, who were filled with astonishment at his thoughtful kindness. The story has the merit of truth.

It is like a little dried-up root I tossed into a dark corner once, when I was doing a bit of gardening. You are of no use, I said, and might as well rot. But the little thing knew better than that. I had given it up; but, then, it fell back on the only God it knew of,—our blessed mother Nature. It ran rootlets into the tilth by May, and began to sprout. Then June came along, and said, "You must flower." But there was no flowering in that dark hole. So what should my brave little root do but creep out of the hole on a long stalk, find the sun, and unfold a blossom blue as heaven and beautiful, and then turn up its cup to drink the dew? And so it was that one day, when I went to hunt up an old rake or something in the hole, there was my blossom—no, not mine, God's blossom—bowing to me in the sweet south wind, and seeming to say, "Good-morrow"; and I lifted the bonny blue bell, and kissed it tenderly, on my knees. I was myself down in the dark hole of that old panic; it told me I could pull out on a long stalk, find the sun again, and bloom forth by God's blessing. I have never heard such a sermon besides as my blue bell preached that June day.—*Rev. Robert Collyer.*

What matters the heat and drought all around, if our river of life draws its waters from the eternal snows of the mountain-top? The very heat which parches all else only sends down more abundant waters from that treasury of the snows. With these waters of life we may pass through languishing valleys and parched plains, bringing relief to the thirsty, giving new life to the fainting, knowing all the while that behind us are sources that will not fail. That is the thing to be sure of—that we are actually in direct vital connection with one unfailing source. Then, however little there may be for us to draw from in the valleys and in the plains, there will always be for us a plentiful supply from our sources on the heights.—*S. S. Times.*

I believe the first test of a truly great man is his humility. I do not mean, by humility, doubt of his own power, or hesitation in speaking his opinion. But really great men have a curious under-sense of powerlessness, feeling that the greatness is not in them, but through them; that they could not do or be anything else than God made them.—*John Ruskin.*

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We shall not go into particulars here as to the fine things that are coming in the new volume which begins with the November number; you can send us a postal card and we will forward specimen pages of November number and prospectus free.

In November begins "Little Lord Fauntleroy," a serial story by Mrs. Frances H. Burnette; the next number, December, is the great Christmas issue; in January, Mr. W. D. Howell's story will appear, and so it goes right through the year. Horace E. Scudder is writing an interesting—mind you, an interesting—biography of George Washington; Miss Alcott writes short stories for girls; Helen Jackson (H. H.) has left more "Bits of Talk for Young Folks"; J. T. Trowbridge writes a serial; the series of papers on the great English public schools, Eton and others, will delight the boys; and "Drill," a serial story of school-life, will introduce a subject of importance alike to fathers and sons; the daughter of Charles Kingley is writing about "The Boyhood of Shakespeare," and—but we said we were not giving the prospectus here. The price is \$3.00 a year; 25 cents a number. You can subscribe with dealers, postmaster, or

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It is so easy to say, "Never give up the ship." It is so easy to hold your head up and step firmly, to laugh cheerily, and have a pleasant word for everybody, when safely hedged in from sorrow and poverty by the love of friends and a bottomless purse. When sickness passes by to knock at some other door, when home is the one "sweet safe corner," in all the world, when there are those who would suffer that you might go free—ah! then it is easy to feel as if nothing could ever make you quite discouraged. This is a beautiful world, and there are lots of good things in it. Yes, many a son and daughter, a few wives and mothers and about the same proportion of husbands and fathers, do live more in the shine than in the shadow of life. But there are so many, so many more, who have to buckle on their armor, and spend their best heart's blood in the daily life. Such bitter trials as men and women do live through! Who can doubt that heaven sends them their fortitude? It cannot be on earth. Such strains of heart and brain as hearts and brains do still bear up under. Is it any wonder that weary hands sometimes fall despondingly, and weary heads bow discouraged? Oh! ye, whose paths are in the pleasant places, whose faith was never tried by heaven's seeming disregard of your prayers and tears! who never knew the lack of tender home-love and protection, exult in your happiness, and thank providence. But while you drink from your cup of life such honey-sweet draughts, give a thought now and then to those whose daily portions savor so strongly of wormwood, and remember that a kindly word and a helping hand, which cost so little, may make lighter the burdens of some one now almost discouraged.

Election Inspectors in France are politer than they are in America. In The Canton of Pielan, Brittany, a schoolmaster's wife presented herself at the polls and asked whether she could vote for her sick husband. "Certainly," was the Mayor's courteous reply; "twice if you like." And no one protested.

The four children from Newark, N. J., who were bitten by a mad dog, and who have been under the treatment of Pasteur, sailed from Havre for New York Saturday. They are all well.

A GENEROUS DONATION.

Robert Brown, M. D., of San Francisco, has agreed to transfer to the Trustees of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of California, seventy-five thousand acres of valuable timber and agricultural land in Dickinson and Wise Counties, Virginia, to sell and apply the proceeds towards maintaining a chair of Mental Physiology, Psychology, Psychometry, and all the occult sciences, located in San Francisco.

Dr. Brown, in the instrument conveying this property to these gentlemen, says: "Believing with Dr. Carpenter and other eminent scientists, and judging from my own long experience as a physician and surgeon, that the human mind exerts a powerful influence over the body, as well in connection with diseases as in human acts, and that Psychology, Psychometry and Mental Physiology, to be effective in the cure of diseases should be combined with the practical sciences of medicine and surgery, in order to avoid the errors of many who assume pure imagination to be reality, and hence wander into pure spiritism, and apply ancient magic to modern gnosticism; I have made this donation to encourage the application of practical medicine and surgery to psychological and mental phenomena, and to provide a field of exploration and study for those men and women who desire to rise above charlatanism and accomplish something of real and practical good to humanity, and to avail themselves of all that modern science and liberal thought may suggest to that end."

Recent advices from Virginia estimate the value of the land at from three to five dollars per acre. An English syndicate is already negotiating for the purchase of the entire tract, and the probability is that within a few months the land will be sold to advantage, and the proceeds placed in the treasury of the College.

The plan of this college has already been formed, and all persons desirous of matriculating in either medicine, surgery, pharmacy, literature or psychology, may do so immediately, as the College will open for students about the middle of January next. The matriculation fee is five dollars.

The dispensary of the College is in practical active operation, and all who desire to obtain certificates of benefits, entitling them to medical treatment for one year, without other charge therefor, beginning at once, can procure them of the Secretary, at 127 Kearny street, room 6, San Francisco, upon payment of ten dollars only. The attention of those suffering from acute or chronic diseases is specially called to this feature of the College, and an early application desired, for the reason that a limited number of certificates will be issued the first year to suit the present accommodations, and those applying now, will be entitled to precedence in renewing them. These certificates can also be had by applying at the office of the GOLDEN GATE.

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PUBLICATIONS.

OUR SUNDAY TALKS.
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Gleanings In Various Fields of Thought,
By J. J. OWEN.
(Late Editor of the "San Jose Daily Mercury.")
SECOND EDITION. REVISED AND ENLARGED.

Following are some of the Press opinions of the first edition:

We consider the volume a most readable and useful compilation, in which the taste and ability of the able writer has been fully illustrated. Mr. Owen is editor of the San Jose Mercury, one of the leading newspapers of the State; edited with great tact and good management, and conducted with care and marked clear-headed judgment. His writings are always readable, terse, vigorous and clear-cut, and in the choice little volume before us, he gives us the very best flowers culled from the bouquet which his mind and brain have combined together.—*Spirit of the Times*.

It is calculated to elevate the mind above the mere greed for gain and momentary pleasures, and cause the thoughts to run in a more elevated channel. * * * It contains some magnificent gems, and is of that character that will command a place among the literature of the day.—*Pioneer*.

As to the contents of the book we can not speak too much praise. The selections are principally made up from the best things which have for several years been written for the Mercury by Mr. Owen. It is a collection of the beautiful thoughts—thoughts characteristic of the cultivated mind and warm heart of the author, clothed in the purest and best English. Mr. Owen, as a writer, has few equals on the Coast, and his "Sunday Talks" were penned in his happiest vein.—*Footlight*.

The compilation brings before us, in a compact form, the talented author's best and noblest thoughts on life and morals. Nothing in quiet hours will give more food for wholesome reflection than one of Bro. Owen's essays.—*Gilroy Advocate*.

The volume is made up of short editorials on thoughtful topics culled from the columns of the author's newspaper, which tell of studious application and observation, written in a pleasing and interesting style, and full of good "meat," with the intent of benefiting their minds.—*Carson Appeal*.

As a home production this collection of pleasing essays and flowing verse is peculiarly interesting. The author wields a graceful pen, and all of his efforts involve highly moral principle. Although these are newspaper articles published by an editor in his daily round of duty, yet when now bound together in one volume they seem to breathe more of the spirit of the cloistered scholar than is wont to gather round the ministrations of the editorial tripod.—*S. F. Post*.

Bro. Owen's ability as a prose and verse writer is unquestionably of a high order, and in thus grouping a number of his best productions into a compact and handy little volume, he has conferred a favor on many of the Mercury's readers, who, like ourselves, have read and appreciated the "Sunday Talks," and from them, perhaps, have been led to form a higher and more ennobling idea of the mission and duties of mankind.—*San Benito Advance*.

Owen has a poetic way of saying practical things, a neat and attractive way which makes them readable and easily assimilated and digested, and this volume should have a wide circulation.—*Foot Hill Tidings*.

The volume is readable and suggestive of thought.—*S. F. Merchant*.

They embrace editorials on miscellaneous subjects, poems, sketches, and short articles, and are really what he styles them, "Gleanings in Various Fields of Thought." The contents are as creditable to Mr. Owen's literary ability as the handsome looking volume is to the taste and resources of the Mercury printing establishment.—*S. F. Call*.

The articles in "Sunday Talks" are written in an easy, flowing style, enchain the reader, and teaching grand doctrine. One lays down "Sunday Talks" feeling improved in spirit, with a renewed confidence in mankind and a brighter opinion of the world. The poems are beautiful, and one in particular, "Across the Bar," if name were not attached, would easily pass for the production of some of the noted poets of the country. The poems have a similar tone to the ballads of B. F. Taylor, one of the sweetest poets of America. "Sunday Talks" should have a large circulation.—*Watsonville Pajaronian*.

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